

# SECRET

M G A Z I N E

ISSUE N 3

ENGLISH EDITION



FANTASTIC SECRET NIGHT - PHOTO: GUY LEMAIRE & GILLES BERQUET -  
FEMALE PIERCING - STANTON, CREPAX, ENEG, ANTHRO & RUDOLF VON  
KELLER - FETISH FASHION - HAMBURG - MISTRESS ROXANNE - S&M - NEWS



# WE ARE NO LONGER ALONE.

We no longer feel alone. These words, uttered by readers and friends, are ringing in my ears like a leitmotiv as I start this editorial. Ten years ago, it was only possible to contact kindred souls into fetishism or domination through personal ads in pocket-size publications sold in sex shops (as a rule more sex than shop), with the certainty of a discouraging percentage of rejections. You had to be highly motivated to complete this slightly "lacky" assault course. Today we meet at parties, read magazines printed on glossy paper, make friends easily, soon have a few bits and pieces at home, and if we pull the curtains, it is more for the sake of intimacy than to hide ourselves. The liberated fetishists of the 90s are at ease with themselves. And when I ask them how come, they almost invariably reply: We are no longer alone. We no longer feel alone. Because by reading *Secret Magazine* we realize that lots of other people are like us. Because by going to the parties, we discover that other people have been living out our secret fantasies for a long time. Because there are fetishisms more way out than ours. Because at last we have found a scene where it is enough to hold out our hands to make contact and be considered as normal, even interesting beings. Because we have learned to give ourselves up to our passions without fear of reprimand. We have stopped being lonely islands surrounded by a hostile society. Better: it's at the planetary level that everything is moving. Each country, each region is developing its scene parallel to that of its neighbours, and so a multitude of SM or fetishist dialects is being born which - taken together - are pushing back the very idea of abnormality. At all levels in our world, there's no greater happiness than the exchange and the discovery which result from opening ourselves up to those who share our passions. You will again find this intellectual aspect in the pages of this new *Secret Magazine*, at least we hope so. Unfortunately, not everyone shares this enthusiasm and some people turn their noses up and won't give every fetishist a place at their sides. What else can we do but regret it? As the saying goes: the dogs bark and the caravan moves on... All the pages that follow are our caravan to you. It's up to you to judge. For a magazine like ours, it's the reader who counts. I'll see you again in the next edition.

Vincent Mikou



# DECLARATION OF LOVE: I AM EVERYTHING

Your numerous testimonies gave us the idea of selecting for each issue one letter that is particularly intense in respect of your feelings, your desires, your fantasies and your motivations. Not "stories", no, but what you have really felt in your hearts and minds. This "space" is yours, make good use of it. This month, one of the most moving letters on masochism that we have been privileged to read.

Secret Magazine, what a great idea to suggest to your women readers a "page" in a special issue where they can express themselves. What a nice way to discover them and what a nice way too for them to rediscover themselves. The pen often races faster on the paper than the thoughts, how surprised they will be also by those words, those phrases on the sheet blackened with ink.

I haven't known for long... I want to say, I've always known subconsciously but I had turned away, transformed, "found ways", masks and then one day, I met a man who allowed me to discover my true nature and now, I AM. At first, I was afraid and it was hard to accept my masochism but I very soon understood that there was no physical, physiological or mental danger and that morals had nothing to do with it. My companion allows me to evolve at my own speed of understanding and acceptance. It's obvious that everything in me since childhood, my tastes, my games, my acqui-

rences, my job - everything, absolutely everything was tending towards living it out. It was like having a ball of wool and hoping to find one of the two ends so as to be able to start knitting myself a sweater but without getting anywhere. And during this time one does not remain naked, obviously one dresses in off-the-rag clothes, not necessarily what was suitable but certainly what was most fashionable, one chose "haphazardly": hello to the look! Now I have my needles in my hands and one of the ends of my ball of wool, I improve my look every day.

Living out my masochism in "role games", submission gives me the chance to BE the most secret and intimate part of my being. Paradoxically, it allows me to assert myself, to be a lighter in my social life. I don't want to talk about the origins of my masochism nor about how I practise it with my companion but about what I get out of it, that's why I need it like one needs water and sun to grow and blossom. The masochism I live is the quest for the absolute, each his own. Luc Besson in his film "Le Grand Bleu" also speaks to us of the absolute. What I am seeking is the trigger, the moment when I take all, when I am no longer nothing, no longer body, no longer identity, no longer intelligence, thinking, nothing but feelings, when I merge with the subconscious, with matter: then I AM EVERYTHING.

That's why I am a masochist, for the ecstasy. I know that there are other ways, with or without drugs, like, I prefer masochism because one is two, because a human being is in charge, because we play at life and death, because it involves sex, because for several hours I grant myself the right to give myself totally to the other person, as one gives oneself to God. Masochism is close to mysticism: an SM session is a Mass, a blessed moment when two beings - the one by giving herself and going back into her subconscious, the other by working on and watching over her - attain sublime heights.

SM lived as a couple (I want to say: practised very often or only with the same person) lets you reach dizzying heights, because knowing the other person makes "haute couture" games possible. Masochism lights my fire, regenerates me, gives me the strength to be.

Here is my testimony, it's also a declaration of love... because without him, without MY MASTER, what would I be?

DESIRÉE, France



© Jürgen Budd



# ALEX VARENNE

*After twenty years of loyal service, the Parisian grammar-school teacher, whose hobbies are advertising and painting, is starting up in comics. He is being launched by Charlie Mensuel and Hara Kiri. Like John Willie and Eric Stanton before him, he prepares his drawings with his own photo reports. But if his creativity is feverish, it goes hand in hand with great lucidity in respect of human relationships. He explores his own fantasies so as to better recognize ours. An exclusive interview with Secret Magazine had become unavoidable.*

*Interview conducted by J. B. and transcribed by Vincent Millou*

**SM is great when it's a game.**



SM: Alex Varanne, how long does it take you to make an album?

AV: That depends on the album and the locations to be shot. For the album on Berlin, I went there twice. With my script and my sequences in my head, I go looking for the set, sometimes with a model whom I might use on location. I then take hundreds of photos, then I select...

SM: Is it easy to find models for this type of work?

AV: I rarely work with professionals. In general with (girl-) friends. The model brings the character to life, mainly through her attitudes. I prefer a privileged relationship with a girl to interminable photo sessions. I leave on a trip with her and the photos are not really planned. Except when need a model in a certain location, I put her on the set. I also shoot her in all her movements, in all situations. The models bring something to the scenario, and even to the dialogue. I pick up a little of her chat, her manner of being, her gestures, all that. It's this that brings the character to life. It's not a stereotype, it's about one particular woman.

SM: And you always work with the same girl?

AV: Oh no, I need a bit of variety.

SM: Have you always been into eroticism?

AV: No, actually I got started in eroticism quite late. At first I did adventure fiction, sometimes crime... My first erotic album, that was in 1983. And then even in my erotic albums there is quite a development, closely following the historical evolution of eroticism. At the moment, for example, love has become much more intellectual, and this is reflected in my comics: they are more theatrical, there are more games. Before, it was the reign of dull swinging... It's much more exciting now! There's more imagination, more creation.

SM: Isn't it limited to a certain elite, to a more imaginative public?

AV: But it's always an elite that makes morals change. It's not the eroticism of the council estates that makes its mark on the eroticism of an epoch, what?

SM: Where do you get your inspiration for your subjects and you scripts?

AV: Oh everywhere, including in my private life, in that of my friends, I look around a lot.





**Each woman has her own distinctive character and her good points... Each woman has an erotic potential, you have to bring it out in her.**

**SM:** Do you work with people from the SM scene?

**AV:** I don't work with them, but I know them, I can talk about them and I can present them. That is not to say that I restrict myself to this sort of eroticism or that I give SM parties. Even though I have been to an SM party, but more as a witness or an observer because everything that is out of the ordinary interests me. Everybody lives their eroticism as they think fit. There are some people who live in an imaginative way, spectacular even. And I put it into pictures. This can lead to relatively surprising characters. It's a study of morals, a artist must be a witness. I have my own experiences, I have my life, but I also look at the experience of others.



**SM:** The women, very present in your books, are they more often dominant, and why?

**AV:** In every couple there is a dominant/dominated relationship. In the comic I'm thinking of ("L'Amour Fou"), it's the woman who is dominant. Because he's in love with his wife and when one is in love one is in a state of weakness. Accordingly, there is a complicity in couples that work well. The woman is dominant but really he likes it. So this couple gets on well together, there's an intelligent complicity: being able to give pleasure to themselves by acting out their sexuality. But that comes more from the woman, who needs it. He, ultimately, is obliged to submit because he wants to keep his wife. This is a woman who needs to live out her fantasies, but it can be the other way round. It can be the man, wanting to live out his fantasies, who drags his companion into all his fantasies. Throughout my books, my characters are very different: there are dominant women, submissive women, like in real life. I don't think it's all that clear-cut. It's a bit like Master/slave relationships: it's not always the slave who



is the slave. It's much more complex than we think. Basically it's because one is dominant in dress, in appearance that one dominates the other. See Losey's very beautiful film, "The Servant".

**SM:** Has there been an evolution in the maturity and in the commercial aspect with your books "Idamode" and "Le Déclanchement", which have sold better than the previous ones?

**AV:** That wasn't a commercial reason. When I did "Idamode", it really was a fail. I had a lot of fun drawing, presenting and making a woman talk. I've always loved women, I've always liked drawing them.

**But it's always an elite that makes morals change.**

**SM:** Just the same, one is drawn more to the comics that depict a woman rather than a man.

**AV:** Yes, it's the characteristics of the picture a bit. In the pub, too... I sell, it's more attractive.

**SM:** Who's your favourite comic illustrator?

**AV:** I like several comic artists but my training was closer to painting than to comics. My masters are above all painters. Like for example Degas or Caravage... But I quite like comic illustrators who don't necessarily work in my style. I appreciate Coustal, Liberatore, Blot, Tard. I quite like the comics of authors where an observational world appears. I have a horror of the studios comic... I favour the aesthetic side. If I don't like a drawing, I can't read the story. You have to avoid doing successive pictures. You need a phrasing, a flow of images which must be linked together. I avoid doing a patchwork of beautiful vignettes. There must be something to read.

**SM:** Do you write your scripts yourself?

**AV:** The erotic scripts, yes always. It's a very personal domain and I think one needs to bring one's own eroticism into it for it to seem

**You have to put your own fantasies into it. Unless an erotic comic is made in a state of arousal it's no good.**

authentic. You have to put your own fantasies into it. Unless an erotic comic is made in a state of arousal it's no good. If an a woman or an erotic scene doesn't excite me, she or it won't excite the others. It's very personal, an erotic comic.

**SM:** Do you think you influence people's fantasies?

**AV:** It's possible. I've noticed that my public mostly consists of couples. Whether it's because they buy my books to read together in the evening, to give themselves ideas, I don't know. I see them at the autograph sessions, I nearly always sign a dedication for two people... Perhaps they like seeing their secret fantasies produced, perhaps it's a way of making themselves feel less guilty... to see how the fantasies that they consider a bit shameful pass into the field of public domain. If my work has at least this virtue, that's fine.



**SM:** But it's dangerous, too, because you can push people to the limits of the absolute, like certain photographers or writers.

**AV:** Well, all my erotic production is much less violent than my crime series where people get killed on every page! It really is a topsy-turvy world. If you show people who are pleasuring themselves, who are in love, it's censored. If you show people gunning each other down, that's passed.

**SM:** Have you got any problems with the law?

**AV:** No. For example, my bondage scenes are tied into a script, in a sequence, but they're always a game. In fact there is no violence because it's acted! It's theatrical or it's fantasized. There's a way of presenting the thing. Moreover, I am considered to be an author of comics with artistic qualities, and you can get away with a lot in art. That's always saved me, because you can consider my books as art. When you've got that sort of cover you can get away with practically



anything. Though I was the victim of censorship in "ECHO des Sévères" which didn't pass two plates of the third Emma Jaguar ("Les Caprices d'Emma") because of a rape scene. It's the fantasy of a woman looking back at her childhood. It fits very well in the book, but they didn't want to take any chances. The album will be complete.

**SM:** What's your favourite fantasy?

**AV:** To tell you the truth, I haven't got any definite fantasies. It depends on the woman I'm with. It's odd, one type of woman is going to trigger certain fantasies in me. Afterwards I put her in my stories. I make myself up a story with her, which I can exaggerate in the comic. It's important to be fantastical: in the comic you can do what you can't do in real life. I like desolate places, old factory's, abandoned houses, etc. That's my main trick.

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**SM:** You talk about photos you shoot with models, and this model is almost always your girlfriend of the moment. Now, there's a different woman in each album; does that mean that you change women...

**AV:** Ah... yes, yes (laughs)

**SM:** Why the changes?

**AV:** Well, to enrich my knowledge of life. I don't know which idiot it was who said that if you know one woman you know them all... I don't agree at all. Each woman has her own distinctive character and her good points... Each woman has an erotic potential, you have to bring it out in her.

**SM:** What's your next project?

**AV:** I've just finished a comic, not at all erotic, for Castelman, and then a new comic that will tell the story of two months of madness and running out of fantasies, an incredible complexity on top of which will come feelings of love, unfortunately. In a libertine game, feelings of love shouldn't intrude otherwise it puts a strain on the relationship. You can play at sadomasochism as long as the people aren't really in love. As soon as they are, you can't play any more because it's part of the relationship, and from then on that leads to a drama. In which case, everything you do becomes significant and can make or break the relationship.

**SM:** Have you ever fallen in love with any of the women you've fantasized about?

**AV:** No, never. Libertine love as I envisage it doesn't allow that. I like what you could call erotic friendship... SM is great when it's a game. In particular you don't need a very strong relationship between the two. At a pinch they don't even need to know each other. A friendly relationship, and especially a loving one, runs the game. In the sexual game, you have to be very erotic. There's theatre, there's creativity. It's about using the other one, and both get what they need out of it. In a loving relationship, I think that you go through a very physical period, when you try to go the whole hog in erotic situations, but afterwards there is often a phase where that stops, or even where one of the two falls in love. The relationship becomes stronger and there's a low in looking for erotic relationships, and you're looking for something else, perhaps to stabilize the relationship. There's no such thing as a lasting relationship based on sex, unless you only see each other as lover and mistress every two weeks...

**SM:** Thank you very much.

**AV:** But you're welcome anytime!

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# FEMALE PIERCING

Male or female, this enticing question seems to interest a good number of you to judge by your many letters on the subject. We will be devoting a special issue to it, number 10, (French edition) which is already in hand. By way of introduction to the subject, here is some information compiled from a well-informed source, Body Art Collection. Based in England and noted specialists in this distinctive art, it seems that they have restated a very ancient tradition.

No, it is not a new fashion, as some people might think. The term 'piercing' comes from the English 'to pierce' but the custom of inserting rings placed in various parts of the body has been widely practiced since the dawn of time and on all continents: in some African tribes it is a body mark testifying a rite of passage, but these jewels can also denote social status or membership in a caste: the Pharaohs wore a ring in their navel as a sign of their divine nature. Everybody knows the rings which the buccaneers wore in their ears but what is less well known is that it was for balance! In another era, the Queen's guards wore what is known as a Prince Albert: a small ring piercing the base of the glans, which served to keep the cock upright, a matter of centring the bulge in the trousers when at "attention" In another field, the piercing of certain soft bones can be of therapeutic value as it seems to be beneficial for curing certain ailments. The insertion of needles, as is done in acupuncture, is intended to stimulate the body's energy points. This practice has been developed over centuries by Chinese medicine.

But let's get back to the subject: in the 21st century piercing is taking on a rather more erotic connotation, referring more particularly to the piercing of the breasts and the genitals, both male and female. The reason most often given for piercing the genitals of the female is to enhance her pleasure and the appearance of her body, though it can also be aimed at female chastity! The drawings illustrating this article should help to clarify things for you. In some tribes, the rings fixed in the labia can be linked to form "chastity rings". Nowadays, some "slaves" wear a small padlock which closes these rings to show that they "belong" to their Master/Mistress. Sexual stimulation thus seems to be a more common reason for piercing than simple aesthetics, each movement or rubbing permanently stimulating the woman's sensuality. The reason for this is, however, very personal and, as far as we know, no gynaecologist is currently recommending piercing for frigid women! But before our next issue, let's look at the most common female piercings.

## THE INNER LABIA

The inner labia are the easiest and often the first to be pierced because the skin is very thin here and heals very quickly: 1 to 3 weeks, sometimes less, depending on the patient and the method used. The piercing is generally done more than 5mm from the edge so as to have a snug fit and avoid all risk of ripping. The jewels are generally small gold or surgical steel rings free of impurities which could cause an infection. As the skin is very flexible here it is not much of a problem to enlarge the holes for the rings.

## THE OUTER LABIA

Like the inner labia, the outer labia can be pierced almost anywhere, although some women seem to have problems sitting or riding a bicycle if the rings are inserted too low. Healing can take a bit longer, 6 to 8 weeks, and the jewels used are more often straight barbell studs as they are more comfortable.

## THE CLITORIS HOOD

Also known as the "forekin" of the clitoris, it is the skin which covers the clitoris. The hood can be pierced horizontally or vertically and a ring or straight barbell studs worn. Like the inner labia, this skin is very thin and easy to pierce. Healing takes 1 to 3 weeks.

## THE CLITORIS

A much rarer case! But it would seem that this practice is gaining more and more supporters as many women swear that it brings them extraordinary sensations! A fairly controversial subject as some piercing specialists refuse to do this operation, just as they also refuse to pierce the glans for men! It should be understood that, given the richness of their nerve endings and their muscular complexity, every precaution must be taken when dealing with these two organs, which are so important for all of us. Be that as it may, we would like to hear from women who know what they're talking about, including lady doctors!

## A BRIEF CONCLUSION

A piercing, if done well, can give a lot of pleasure both sensually and optically but unfortunately it can cause tremendous problems if it is done badly! We can only recommend that you take the greatest care in this field especially if you only heal slowly! It's obviously not a decision to be taken lightly or on a sudden impulse. The operation is in principle irreversible, although less of a "burden" than a bad tattoo. It goes without saying that all piercings ought to be done by medically trained professionals, using sterile instruments of course. Take care of your body! The jewels inserted the first time should be made of precious metals so as to avoid complications during healing.



Body Art, the magazine for connoisseurs of piercing and tattooing. For more information Body Art, Black House Studios, Blake End, Rayns, Brentford, Essex. CM7 8HX, England.

# FANTASTIC SECRET NIGHT

## Secret Magazine's cock-a-doodle-do!

How can I remain credible if I praise an event organized by my own magazine to the skies? A dilemma. Even if it means appearing presumptuous, I have to tell it like it is. Secret Magazine's third party, which was held on 23 May in the Charleroi area, was fantastic. Our first party was held in a famous Ghent restaurant, the Merides, in June of last year. The second one, last November, brightened up a Brussels hall, the Villeneuve. But it was almost at the end of the world, in a village surrounded by woods, that more than four hundred fetishists from every part of Europe met for our third party. The initial impressions were undoubtedly those left by the spectacles which followed each other at breakneck speed. The pages of a magnificent, imaginary magazine whose every fetishist and S&M photo had been set in motion to invade our reality suddenly appeared on the scene with its central avenue. Numerous models,



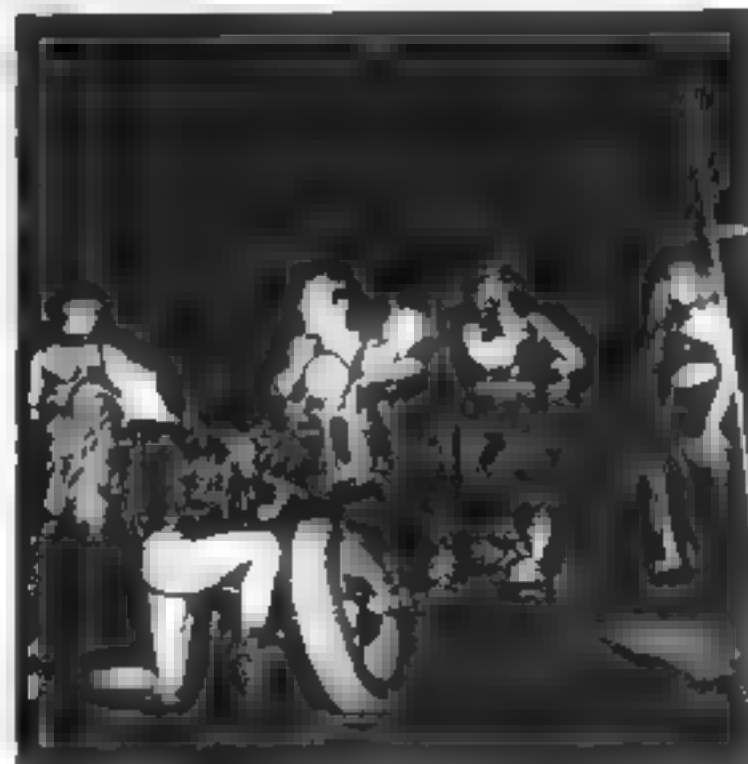
several of whom were making their d\_buts that evening, were so beautiful (and/or handsome) that it was almost inhuman. The productions, by their professionalism, exceeded by far anything I have ever seen at other parties. An intelligent approach had been chosen for the parades of fetishist fashions (the new collection from the Minuit boutique): they were practically incorporated in a theatrical production, sometimes surrealistic, which made an element of attractive show even for those for whom fetishist fashion is not the first priority. For them, too, scenes of domination (the Beastly Gals - what does), the Sex Machines - by XANAX - of Belgian make that we had already recommended at Europeve, impeccable choreography... The spectacles elicited numerous compliments from our visitors from Britain, France, Germany, Holland and various other countries who are well used to grandiose productions. The public showed its appreciation by applauding each spectacle, a rare occurrence at such parties. Even the police and the local gendarmes, there to keep an eye on things, followed all this closely. We had already got the premises up to scratch. This time the organizers had opted for a setting at once rustic and machievellian. This old abbey in the middle of nowhere, through whose ancient portico one had to drive before parking in the courtyard, was itself conducive to a pleasant atmosphere. Dating from around the twelfth century, enlarged in the eighteenth century and partly reduced to ruins in a recent fire, the setting of this abbey alone put the horse dressed in latex, shiny, leather and all the fashions dictated by feverish imaginations (dress code was obligatory) at ease. An unbelievable phenomenon: a crowd had already gathered at the door half an hour before the doors opened. The roominess of the dance hall and theatre, overlooked by the ex-cinema gallery, the small bar permanently thronged, the candle-lit rest room on the second floor, the large cloakroom and the changing-room, created an impression of liberty which we had already made the most of at Europeve. In one corner you could have yourself tattooed, in another discover body painting, somewhere there was an exhibition of photos by Jacques



Louquet: It's all too much to tell in just one report. The format of line and order as well as the planic (the order of forces) sage to their appointed places in great courtesy and the incidents that occurred were were rather amusing. A Dutch friend a regular guest at parties



where there is nowhere to get changed was slipping into his linen outfit at a car park in the village when the police arrived and asked him to do so inside the abbey please in the abbey itself. A lady (also a foreigner) bumps into a group of policemen and asking them for uniform photographs asks them where they dug up their incredible uniforms. Talking of photographers have the firm impression that with the Sweet Night Belgium has earned its place on the European map of fetishism for good. Not content with having been present at the Amsterdam Europeve a fortnight before, there were many who made the trip again to come to us. We noted the presence of Tim Woodward (Star Two) Mistress Françoise (36/5 Fetch), Ben Wibo (Massad) Clue Doma, Peter Czernich (NO) the team from Schlagzeilen, David Jackson Domination Directory (USA), the people from the Submission club and the L&Co shop (London), Yumi and Juan-Marc from A.Z.Z., O. Dupont, Silvio Englen (De-Mask), Karin Yitz (Funny Shit) 100 Tattoo of Rotterdam the photographers Wolfgang Eichler Giles Barquet Guy Lemare and Jacques Louquet and numerous other personalities whom we have forgotten (what is our punishment?) As for dancing equally great satisfaction. An intelligent musical programme not scoring any particular style but remaining hip enough to satisfy the fetishist cohorts. The dancing went on all night & the approach roads were well signposted a model of its kind. The departure saw cars going astray in all directions. We saw this was brought on by the images and expositions which the participants won't forget in a hurry. Antipicus as it was this secret night was a huge gamble and I paid off handsomely.



Vincent MINOU

# GUY LEMAIRE: CORPS A CORDES

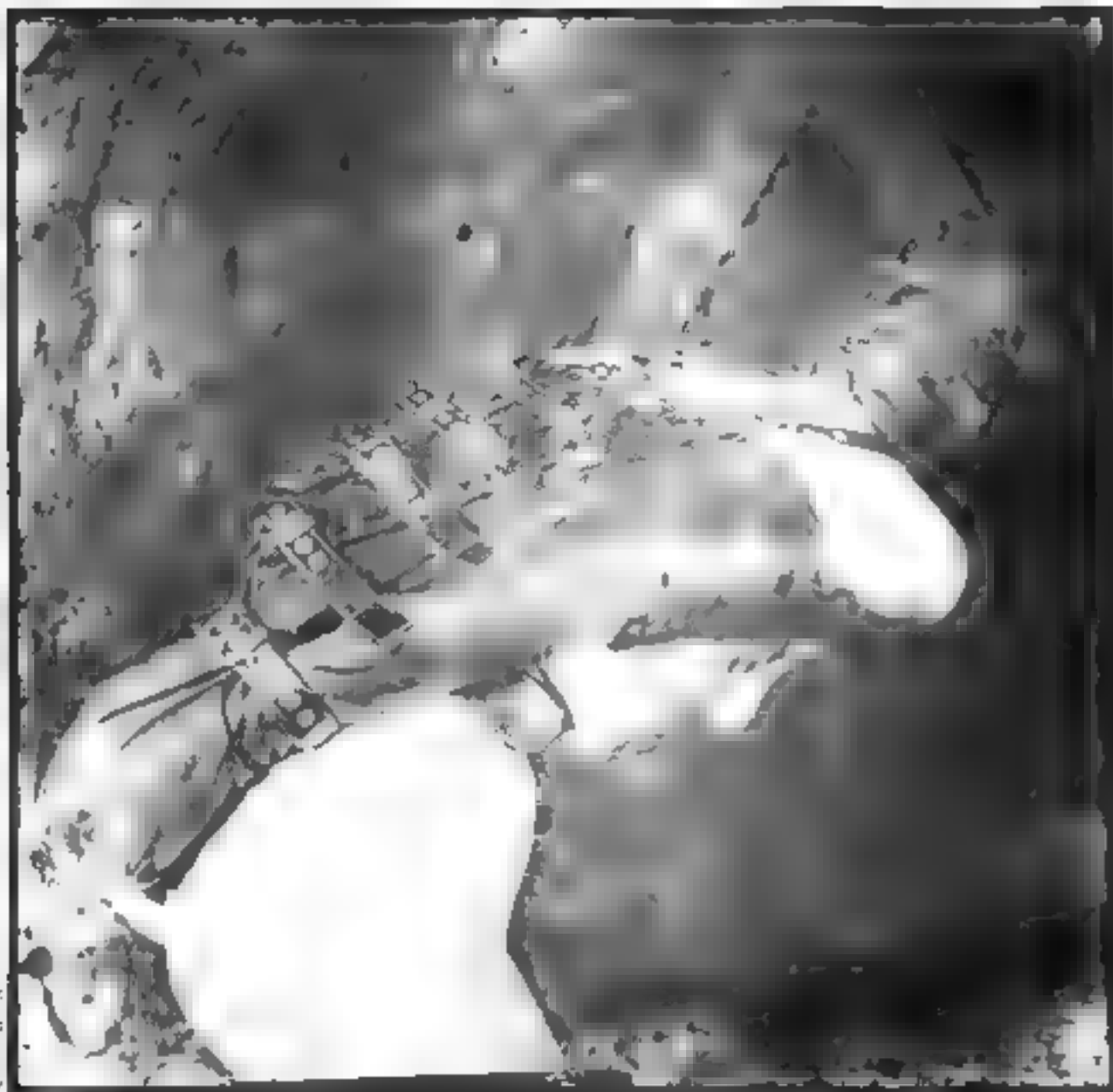


© G. Lemaire

The publishers AS'ARTE recently brought out an exceptional work devoted to the excellent photographer GUY LEMAIRE who had an exhibition of his work in "Larmes d'Acier" in Paris. The exhibition which was a great success with the Parisian public was also the occasion for a limited edition of the book with a preface by Joseph Orban who wrote in his introduction "Lemaire soon brings one back to the perennial question and the incredibly stupid question of the line line between pornography and eroticism. Yet again the good and the bad! The obscene Devil struck down by the diaphanous Saint. For me this dividing line is located in the domain of social convention where one takes the credit for a certain attitude so as to be able to work under cover. Looked at like that, eroticism is the pornography of the intellectual. For my part I cannot see any aggression, any violent violence in the work of GUY LEMAIRE: see in it a theatricalization of the body of the flesh, like a parable on the deep anguish of feelings. You will discover in the course of the pages, bodies masked, bound, hung up, exposed to our curious gaze, legitimate pride on the part of our editors on seeing the success of our friend GUY LEMAIRE whom this magazine was one of the first to publish! By the way GUY still has and will always have a place in the bosom of our group of "dual" photographers. You will find this work in good bookshops or in Larmes d'Acier, 58 Rue Armand, 50-1 Paris (price FF 200) or in Minut, 60 Avenue du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles, 1.000 Bt.



# GUY LEMAIRE: CORPS A CORDES



## THE CREATURE

She is there, the creature. Though she had sworn that it was not her nature at all, and now look at her stretched out on a sling, arched, resting, and writhing. She is the tightly spread woman. She is, she has, so desired, at the edge of the leather sling, arched forward. The mass back is in the gymnastic position. Her buttocks well spread, her eyes shining. She watches. She waits, facing her hampered Mistress. She is going to get herself arched. She contemplates her harness, legs the black vinyl, back lifted. She has so often imagined it, disturbing ambiguity. Tomorrow the flock will be black-furred, matt black, fringed with a white collar with an undisputed presence. He will defend the stag on his pee. He will arrange gorgeous, then he will go with his Master friends, he will laugh, and will talk of his. Or just like he will claim to be torturer and lover. All at the same time. But, despite himself, the devastating force will make him come back to the dominatrix.

# THIGH BOOTS, BREATHTAKING

STAR

Our title conceives an once idolatrous and fabulous word to be reduced to nothing if we the FETTERISTS, were to content ourselves with its only definition: "burning from either all positions of image, motion... which our traditional dictionaries cannot do the greatest, so the highest on the most beautiful queen of all. All the queens in the land... it is a magical kingdom of the footman." I am talking about THE THIGH BOOT.

Lexicography undermines the slightest attempt at illusion by asking us to "have" chasing the thighs up to the groin" right with the Dan Quince of my fantasies pulverizes the first version by perceiving the following mouth-watering description: "High women's boots equally seemly for men in glossy, if more leather spurs, his is a man, and intended to embrace her foot, if to let it be embraced!" OXFORD ENGLISH FETTERIST (192)

Such is the attraction that without more ado our choice will logically fall on the version favouring the true facts of the correct and thus unhalting, definitive of these exciting adjustments. Thigh boots of my dreams your etymological honour finally restored and now safe I like a grand priest of the fur, can embark on singing your deserved praise. It takes a boot with the distinctive look, whose little patent of nobility go back to the origins of Chivalry on right back to the first rule of fashion in the 16th of the greatest designers and in particular by the coming of the miniskirt which made you even more exciting, essential out of your splendid arrogance you only dress the most "mod" legs whose synonyms are: famous, beautiful, sum, aesthetic, noble.

Those of the wars of showbiz or prestigious international models, of women, all girls, of sensual and mysterious street-walkers, without ever forgetting those of our marvellous companions. A symbol of sex, elegance and of the lure of expensive even unexcusable pleasures. In "THIGH BOOTS" this breathtaking STAR simultaneously forces its brilliant majesty and its diabolical provocation on our stare from the top of its shaft to the sting in its heel.

"What delirium would I not make to feast my eyes on them? How many Aquarons would I persuade to put them on excitedly? What long, unforgettable moments would I spend praising them, stroking them, burning them with my scorching saliva? How many sleepless nights would I endure if the temptation to touch them, to put them on, haunts me?

Black brilliant thigh boots, may you devour my existence for ever!

Jack Blackstar



# FREE

# EXPRESSION

You know the principle: this is the privileged place where we publish the contribution of a reader who has succeeded in writing us something great in an exceptional style. After talking over with our dear manuscripts (Jester and Bistrice) we have now chosen this surprising letter from Pierre at Dunkirk. The questionnaire he refers to was offered exclusively to our subscribers so as to facilitate their contacts by personal ad.

Sir or Madame, I have just finished reading the SM questionnaire. It doesn't really relate to me, apart from the attraction for the problem of suffering. I'd explain? As an individual limited and weak in essence as a human being (it's true - a scientific bent and searching for wisdom and serenity - trying to be "logical" faced with the results of this horrible world - as he daily perceives them in his modest, faced with the catastrophes that come, he is aware of incidents whose victims are people all around us - see the local newspapers - the various occurrences, hear the testimony of people round about) - I ask myself each time: why not me? (when?)

And from this "apparent" percentage (counting up to now, I deduce a sort of evil consciousness or other "lagna" injustice. (Though I have already been effected by a serious event knocked off my bike, regional hospital in Lille, in a coma for a week, off work (July/April) but didn't even suffer continued lack of awareness then awareness poured in - at any rate. And I have recovered from it very well - have matured considerably - consider this sequence as one of the most positive in my life. In short, in the face of such horrible and monstrous situations, I would like in my fantasy to take the place of those hapless by fate to save them symbolically - to put an end to the unbearable.

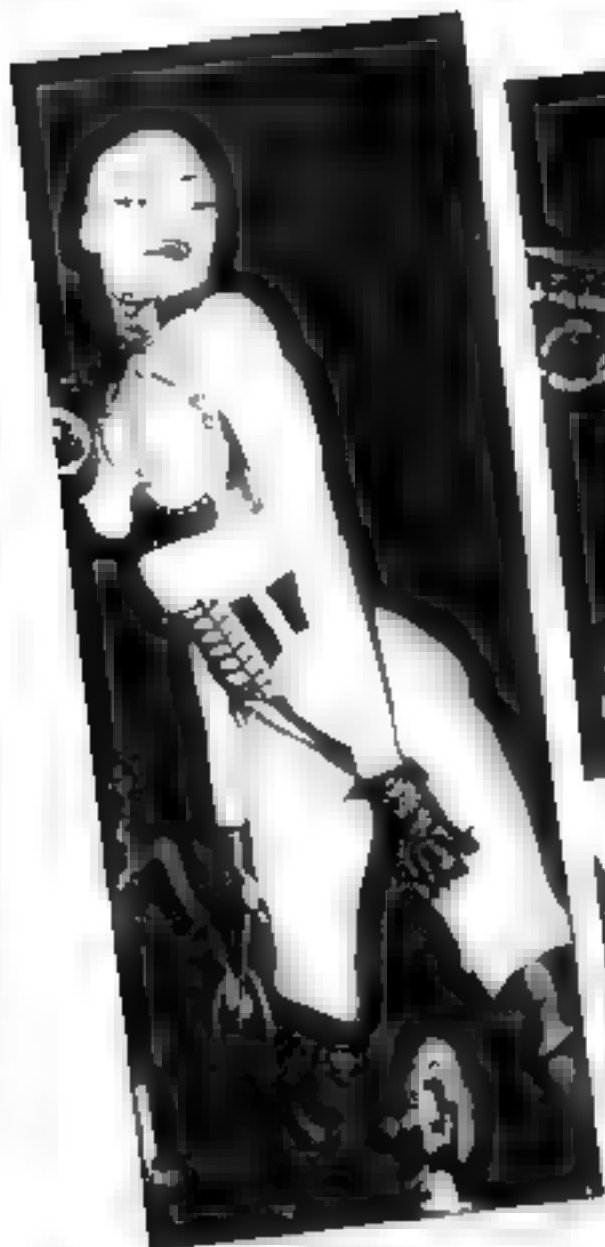
In my first published letter I had explained to you about having tried to wear a chastity belt as a challenge symbolically once again - and in order to make certain Japanese waves. But it was a flop - the restrictions at the practical level, for urinating, were too great. And I am now? To be on the safe side I will answer probably to some extent at the level of fantasy, a bit - perhaps - like the women who fantasize about rape. In any event, they have my complete symbolic sympathy - see them as victims of the war - who have succeeded in going beyond this state by certain means. But I don't know anyone like that among my acquaintances. So perhaps all these wild thoughts remain in the nature of fantasy?

To conclude and in a more general context it seems to me that we are definitely heading on rails and even rather towards a wall with the slogan "always". It will be necessary to burn through it in order to emerge into the Age of Aquarius, into the human "Renaissance". The birth won't be painless.

Finally like F. Gryn (and like H. Labont, too) I take the view "There are no bad people there are only sufferers" - like Henri Labont, which I find very hard I do not accept the notion of final liberty although there is often a tendency to think the opposite. (Everything should begin to improve perceptibly in the coming 2 or 3 years.

Best wishes

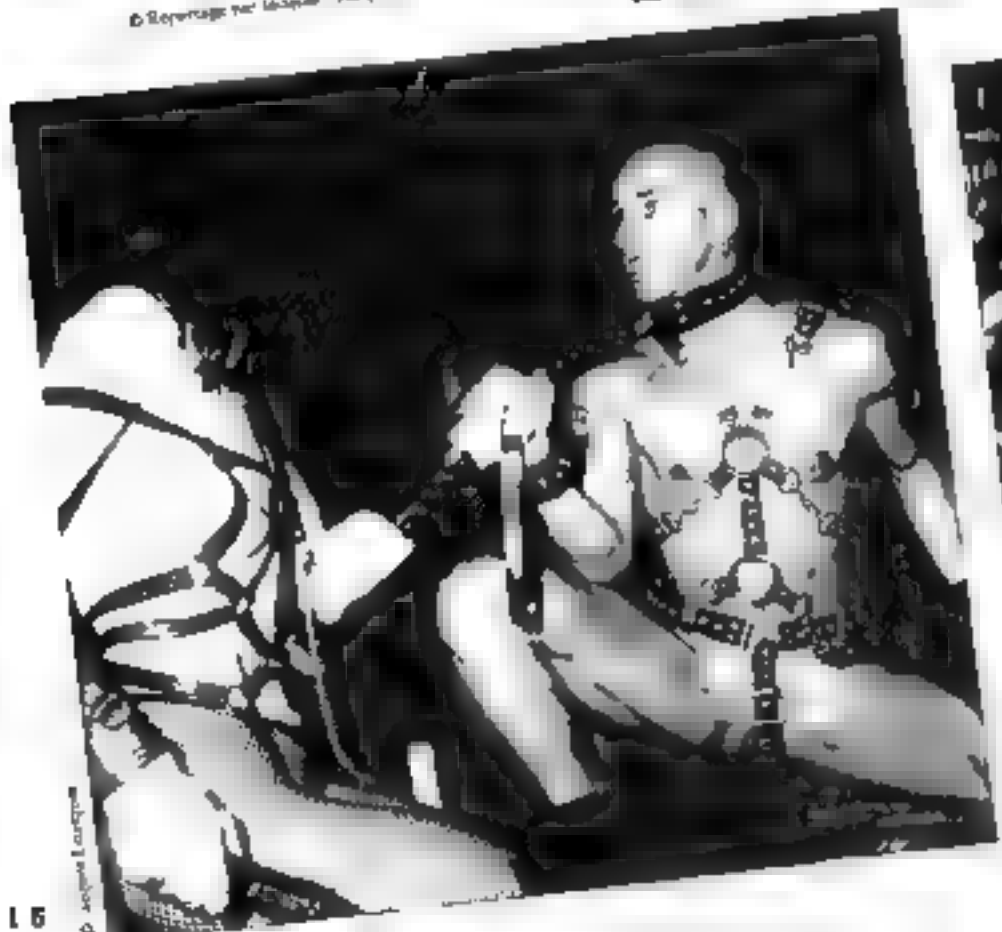
Pierre



© Reportage sur les guerres - Histoires



© Reportage sur les guerres - Histoires



© Reportage sur les guerres - Histoires





# GIGANTIC! EUROPERVE II

Unbelievable, this second party organized by DeLash in Amsterdam! More space, more people, greater international presence, more activities than last November. Amsterdam is in the process of becoming the Cannes of European lesbianism and if we wrote last time that you have to be present to SEE, now you also have to be there to BE SEEN. There were plenty of representatives from magazines, *Skin Two* in the lead (Tim Woodward, Tony Mitchell, Kevin Davies), *Chimagazines* (Peter Czernich), and us of course. As near their identification badges, my comparison with Cannes is actually rather far-fetched for at *Europerve* that was the official name of the party, the event and the public are one and the same thing. The second adults rubbing shoulders with the most feminist ones, the most irascible ones alongside the most straightforward ones. One of the most impressive characters, a tall, stocky, hairy, was squeezed into a ladies' suit that left no skin exposed and he had slipped on a tall gas-mask, bottles on his back from which he drew the oxygen he breathed all evening. A survivor from *Mad Max 2* marched straight ahead without paying any attention to the lady in velvet who was whipping herself at the same time beating a crouching stance. Describing the whole crowd would take pages. Yes, crowd really is the right word. Some thousand lesbians from every country had invaded the zoo, enlarged for the occasion, transformed a grandiose partyroom into a dance floor with a catwalk for parades to the left of a colossal windows hall decorated with gigantic pillars. On the right, a very large bar where taking was sweet. These rooms we know already. What was really fun was the glass wall, a huge cafeteria opening onto the zoo itself. Apart from the tables where you could sit to eat your whistle, the place was equipped with chairs, crosses, cages, gynaecological chairs and all sorts of other gear for games which ended as fast as they started. We could hardly make out the birds and monkeys around us but no doubt they found us even more bizarre, behind our glass wall lighting up Amsterdam's "Aldo Zoo". This enormous cafeteria with its many green plants was the place where the majority of the lesbians hung out. Leaving it each time there was a special event over on the dance-floor. The provocative lesbian fashion shows (especially latest) were interrupted by a techno dance around the Sex Machines, the icons of modern sex which are actually robots in the shape of (very) realistic women's legs. A pity that they were only used for decoration rather than for demonstration purposes. The photos

illustrating this text were taken during various shows, I being assured that those present were not touched by the very discreet photographers. A bit less so in the case of *VO* magazine one of whose cameramen was constantly to be found in the middle of the crowd. There were so many people there that for the first time not all the *Burgers* managed to meet up and didn't hear until much later that this or that person had also turned up. The technical side of things in this party-hall was less impressive than in the past in view of the fact that the sound system was well below the acceptable standard for such an event. This was just about the only blight on the programme so we are not worried about Steve English and his acolytes. *Europerve* is on the way to becoming very, very big. No more no less than a major point of reference in things lesbian. The very brave and the wide-awake went to bed at sunrise, after having attended the traditional private party in another part of town. Gogo dancing, plenty of discussions among the like-minded and considerably fewer SM actions than in November, another indication that above all *Europerve* wants to be *lesbian*.

Vincent Mayou

P.S. I was here that Tim Woodward stole the "Sexmachines" for the first time which inspired him to use it for the new *SKIN TWO*.





**GILES BERQUET**  
**Lines of life**



I have no recollection of my mother, whom I despise almost as much as my father other than the stiletto heels which were fashionable in the 60s - was knee-high to a grasshopper (including the feet!) at the time and my view of the world was all mini-skirt height. Subsequently, in the 70s, I cursed the fashion for platform soles and Indian leather sandals and in fact I had what is known as a "difficult" and boring adolescence which had to fill with shamanism but, to say the very least, fantastic fantasies - preferred reading Georges Bataille and the Divine Marquis to Jules Verne and Saint Exupéry. After studying brilliantly, but scarcely beyond the freshman stage - lost for good the little respect my father had for me by swapping Higher Electronics for Fine Arts. Today, I swear - sometimes regret not having completed these technical studies which might, perhaps, have allowed me to understand something about "modern" cameras. In short, the Fine Arts were more inspiring, from the point of view of relationships - and I learned literally nothing about Art there. I at least met Amor (with a



small A but lots of Sh. As far as photos are concerned, they are for me just a medium for conveying images. In the same way as painting, in which I indulged (and still do) long before taking up visual reproduction techniques. Put simply I seemed to me, at a particular moment in my artistic production, that photographic treatment was better suited for transmitting my fantasies, this undeniable proof of existence: that which is given to see has really existed not just in the imagination, but in a tangible and irrefutable reality too. At the precise moment of releasing the shutter it is the glass eye which sees. There are few artistic media which authorize such flashes: neither painting nor writing, nor music, which are all three purely imaginary. Only the cinema, and its derivative the video, are capable of the same fidelity performance. Each time I produce a print it is the same magic which takes place in front of me, it is a bit of the truth which is revealed in the developer and which I for ever adore that.

Paris, 23 April 1992 Gilles Benquet







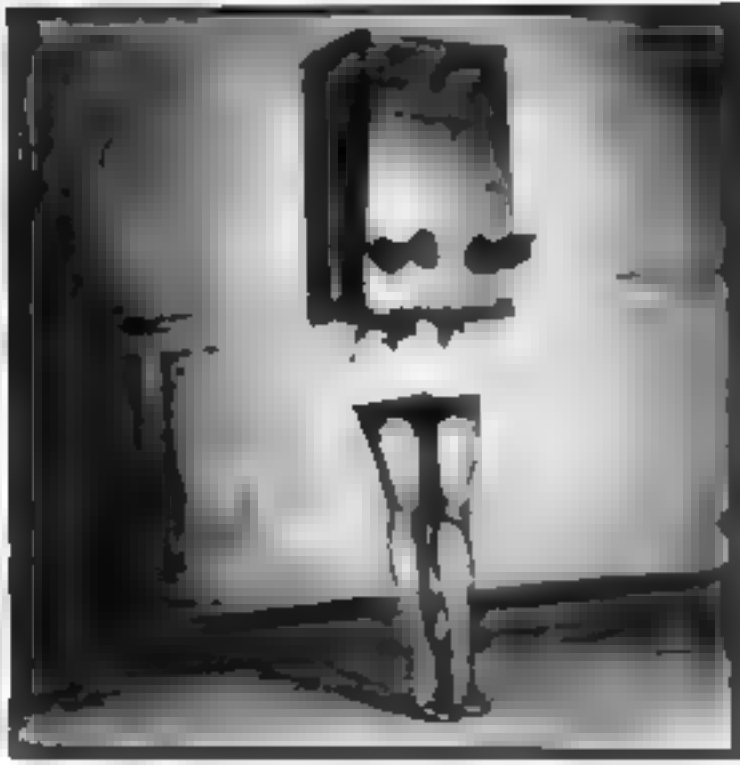








© 1990s Remyant



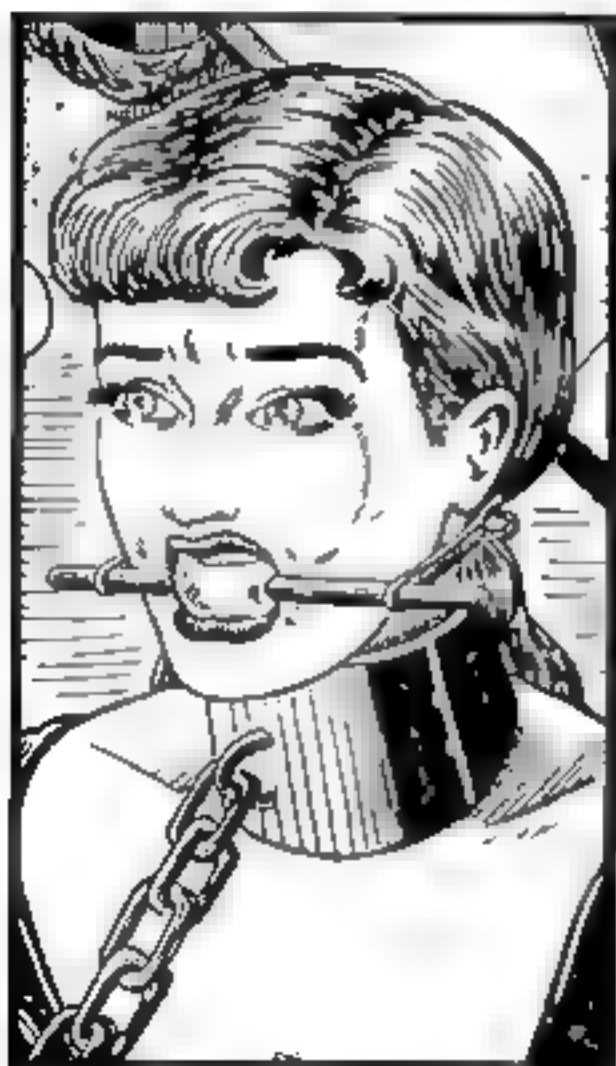






# COMICS SPECIAL

Even though we deal with other subjects at some length in this *SECRET*, we have dedicated it to comics, more particularly to presenting some illustrators. It is in part thanks to them - the artists, the painters - that certain morals can evolve. There was an explosion of comics for adults and in particular of erotic comics in the 60s. Some masters of the pencil are still among us and the influence that they have had on our photos and on our thinking is enormous because, through their comics, they led us into an unreal, active and imaginary world. Art allowed them to put their fantasies on paper and to distribute them widely. We have put together a small subjective sample of the masters to make you more familiar with them and we are also presenting some very interesting unknowns. If you have any comments about this dossier or any suggestions to make, do not hesitate to contact us!



## STANTON Master of Discipline

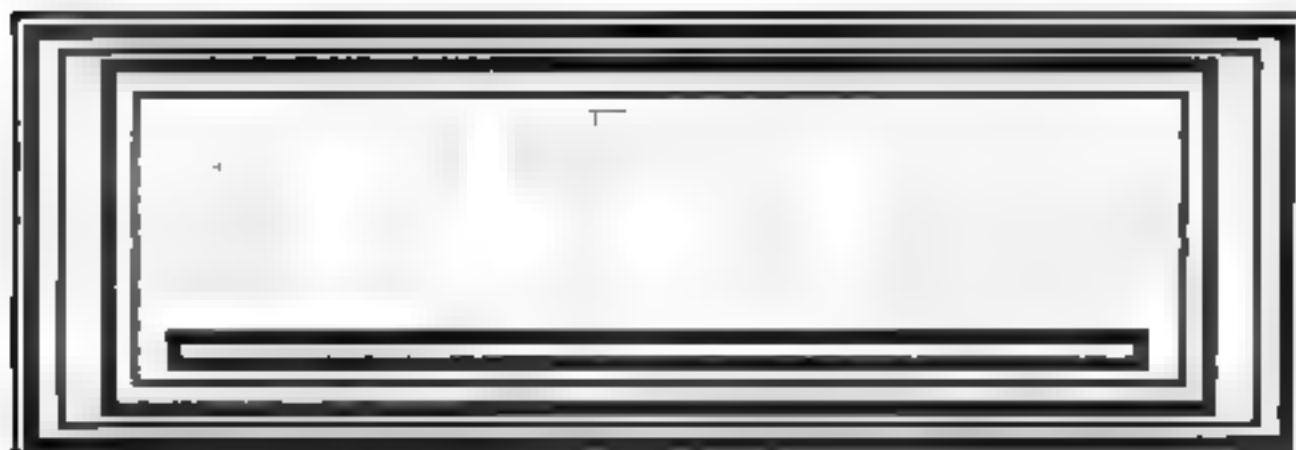
Of Russian origin, Eric Stanton was born in 1926 in New York, where he still lives. He started drawing girls in distress in 1947 for the editor Irving Klaw, founder and director of Nuts Corporation. By the end of the 50s he had illustrated some thirty stories, about a third of them comics. The lushy coqueness of his characters, the richness of his models and his attention to telling detail made Stanton more

famous than his predecessors and even than his nonetheless talented colleagues (Gene Blythe, Russ). Stanton was the only artist at Nuts to regularly draw illustrations for texts. The similarity between his polished illustrations - static without any rigorous connection between them - and photography is no coincidence, as well as having access to Irving Klaw's important photographic archives. Stanton attended sittings which were organized every three weeks by Paula, Irving's sister and he was thus able to assess live the effect of certain poses which he subsequently drew. Had Stanton a without doubt one of the greatest artists of his kind.









THE ANTHRO ARTIST'S CATALOGUE G3 OF UK



## ANTHRO ART

Our comics special has undoubtedly reminded the readers of the great masters and perhaps even made the novices among you aware of them but as well as the great masters there are also artists who are less well-known perhaps less in the media or younger. ANTHRO is one of the former but we are convinced that his drawings will not leave you cold. Moreover this artist does not confine himself to drawing - he also writes leather short stories and all of his drawings are available as prints on T-shirts. He has

burnished his arms with a pretty catalogue accompanied by a very beautiful leather pornography. An original and very reasonable idea seeing that for the more than reasonable price of 19 (BF 540) you can have the drawing of your choice printed on a T-shirt (drawing in A4 format). Better still! You will soon be able to order a special print on rubber an new process which could revolutionize latex fashions. No need to remind you to mention Secret Magazine and to enclose 15 (BF 300) in order to obtain this very beautiful catalogue. ANTHRO P O Box 186, Glasgow G3 6DG, SCOTLAND



## ART IN BLACK: GUIDO CREPAX

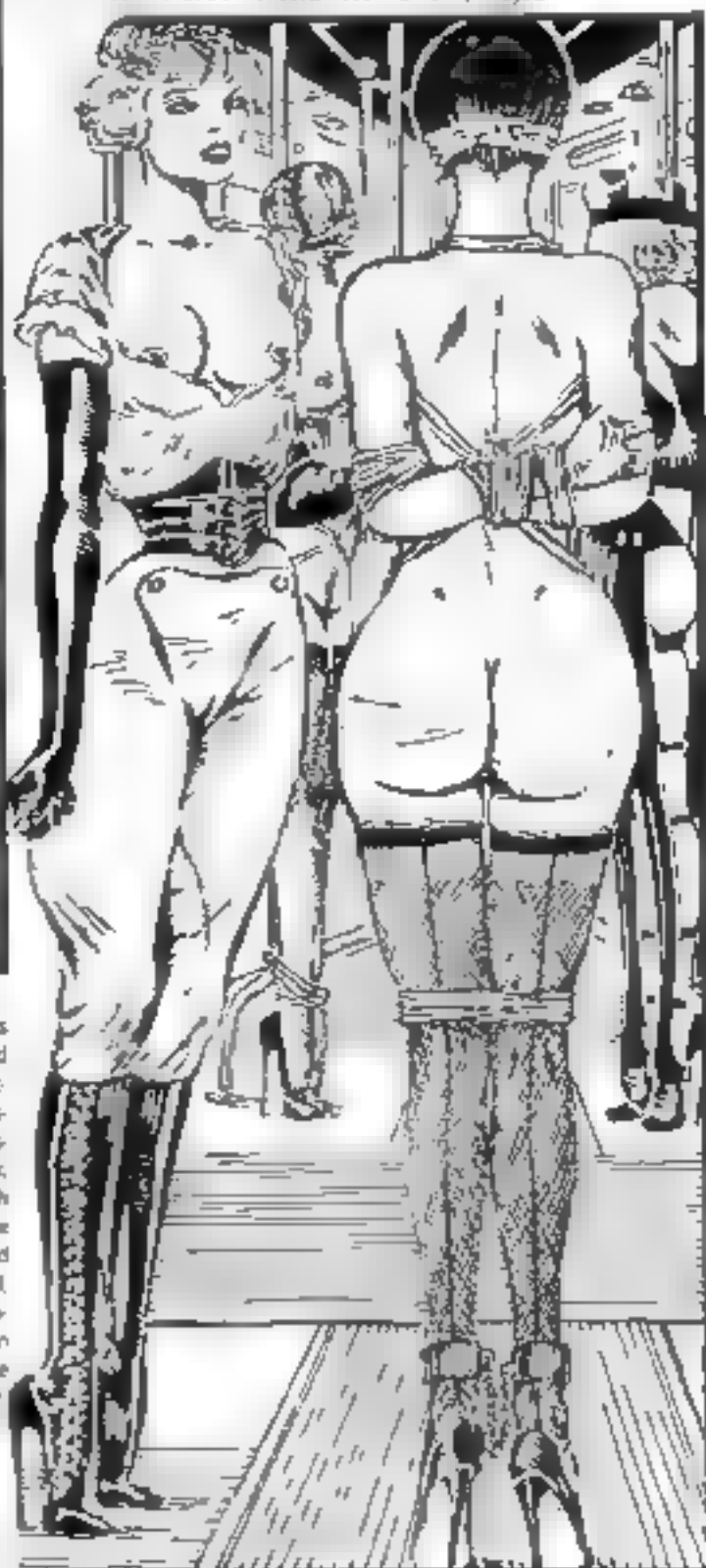
Born on 5 July 1933 in Milan, Guido Crepax (also Crepac) is an inspired revolutionary and incredible artist. He has influenced a good number of contemporary artists. Valentina, Justine, Emmanuelle, Bianca Anita: five magical first names announce to us Crepax's heroines: girls or women, divine creatures who have not stopped inspiring us. Guido started out in the field of graphics with record sleeves, advertising for Shell and book covers. His many experiences nurtured him and led up to his action-packed stories.



All of these poses, sharpened by close-ups with titillating details and by incredibly mind-blowing metamorphoses. Greatly inspired by a great star of the 30s, Louise Brooks, he will create his best-known character, Valentina. For my part, Bianca with her surrealist adventures—a sort of cumulation of the frustrations of adolescence—inspires me the most. Beaten, humiliated, tied up, struck, blindfolded and worn out by strict teachers, she takes our breath away! And let's not forget the inevitable O Emmanuelle: neither the divine Justine, nor the Divine Marquis. Such are Crepax's hard heroines: outrageous beyond all respect, they are gentle, cruel, defenceless, unreserved, immodest, masochists and nymphomaniacs. Sophisticated and Slobs like we love them. Crepax is an organizer, a collector of erotica: like all the great teachers, the category he is most closely associated with. Crepax has the best

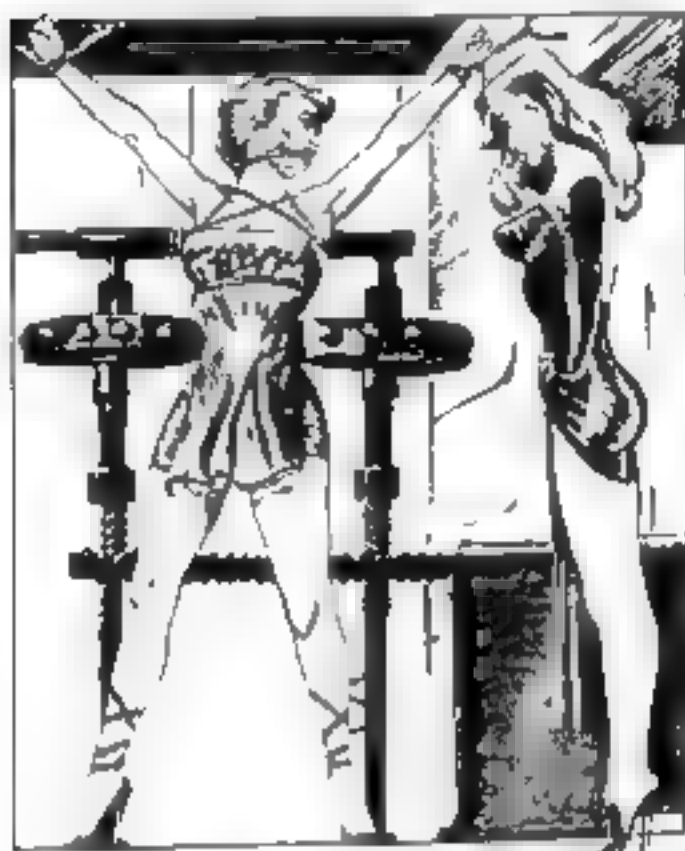
sex's lively inclination for repetition: there can be no doubt that this artist agrees with the Freudian aim of liberation. Realizing his fantasies, he stands naked in front of the viewers-readers. Masochism and sadism linked in duplicity are a mystery. We often ask ourselves which side of the fence we ourselves are on. We need time to analyse our most secret desires, to see ourselves as we really are: in our towns, caught up in the storm and abandoned there. Whatever it is, we are not guilty, no more than the heroines, romantic and aware of what they are doing. The immense respect I have for Crepax drove me to write these few lines for you. The obsession with daydreams and with imaginary constructs a unique, essential work. The story has no end, it goes its own way in our minds and seduces in our subconscious. A fantasy is born.

The illustrations in this article are from the magnificent biography *CREPAX*, edited by Götting Images. Copyright Guido Crepax 1986 and Editions D'essa 1986. Götting Images.



## GENE BILBREW, "ENEG"

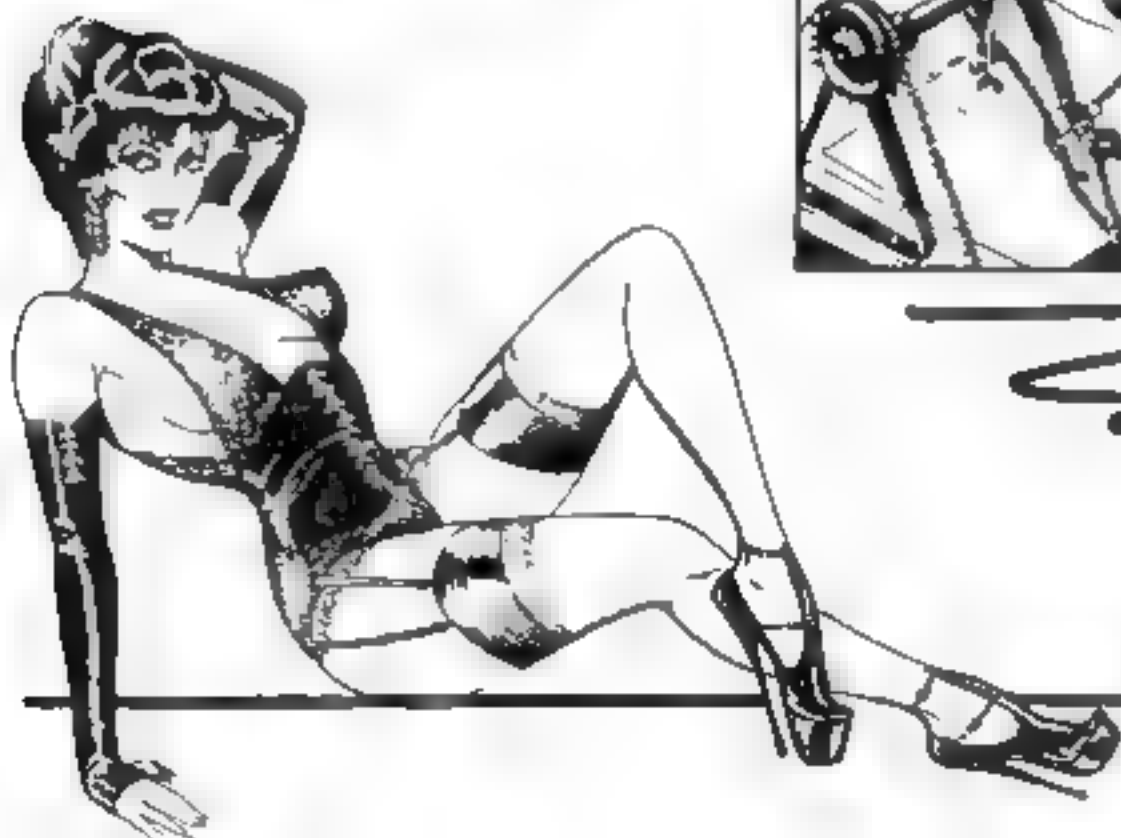
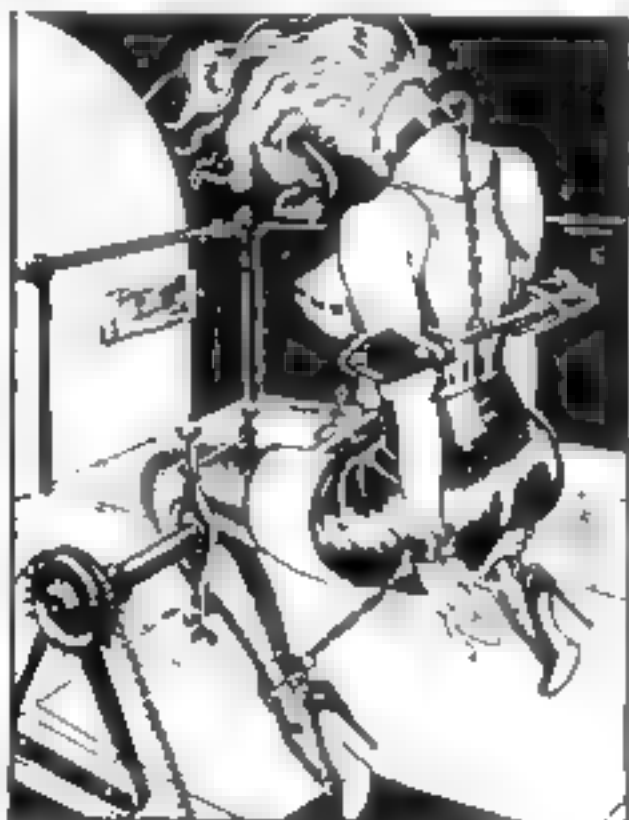
Born in Los Angeles in 1923, ENEG was above all a black. We know now rare black artists are in the field of comics. But he was also one of the greatest talents in "Bulme" comics. In 1952, he joined the school of professional drawing, run by Bum Hoagarth. Amongst his

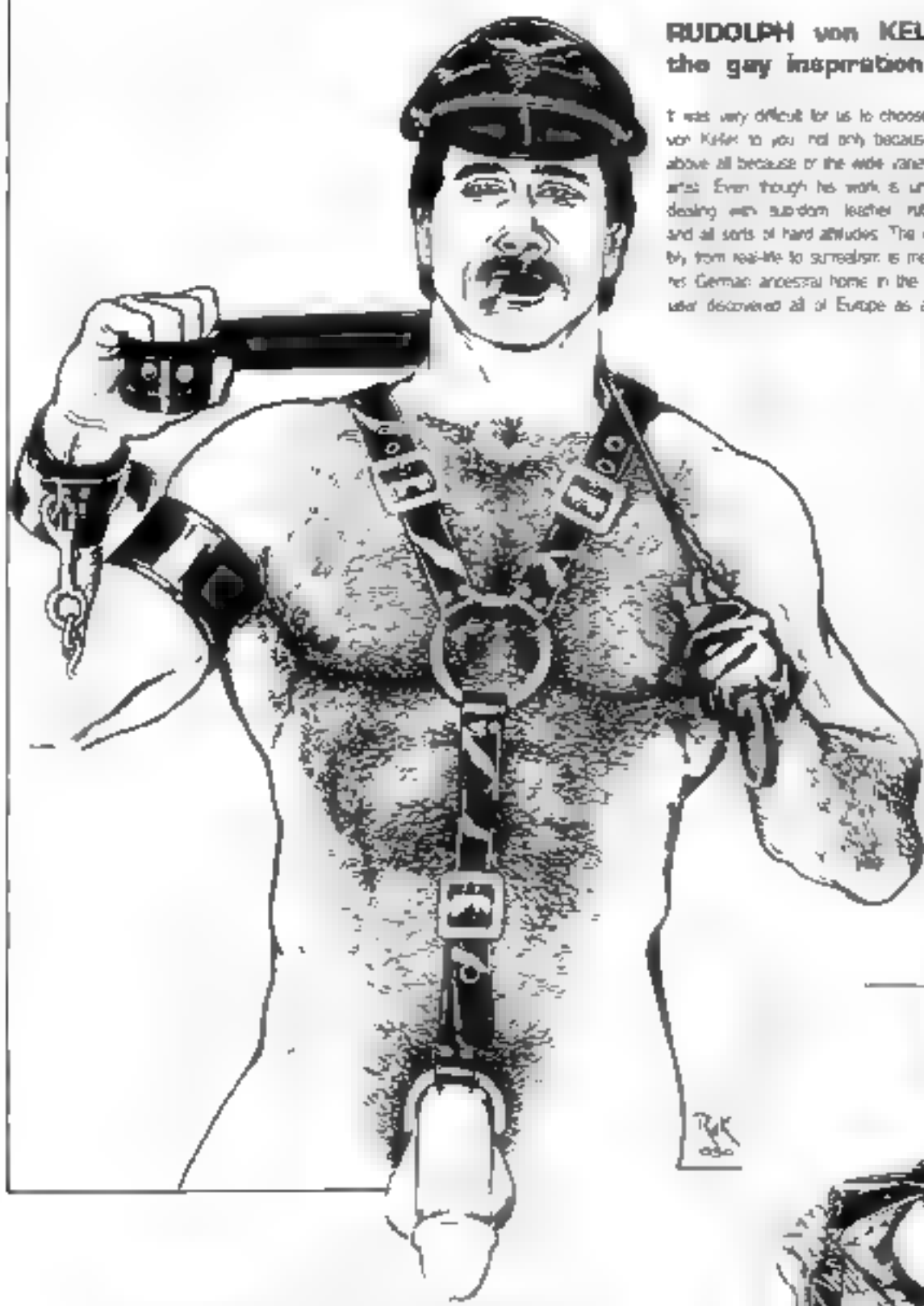


colleagues was Eric Stanton, with whom he immediately made friends. That same year, he started to devote himself to erotic comics, being particularly into "bondage". Gene Bilbrew's universe is a fantastic, violent world inhabited almost exclusively by super-

women. Whether they are imposing, muscular and fully dressed, with long legs, or perhaps dominatrices with whip in hand, they are always full of hate for their fellow creatures, of whatever sex. In the more strictly sadomasochistic context, the dominatrices cruelly attack their victims, who are resigned to the arrogant humiliation. But the latter are always ready to reverse the situation at the right time, like docile sheep who change into blood-thirsty wolves. This cynical taste for the enslavement and humiliation of others, which contrasts with the endurance of suffering and the desire for revenge, characterizes the homosexual game of sadists and masochists, where pain and pleasure are the two sides of the same coin. He died suddenly in 1947, but he left us such comics as "Caprice Queen", "Pier of Skin Diver" (Nulitz '59), "Bondage Society's Gale Slavee Ball" (Nulitz '59), "Ladies in Rubber" (Nulitz '59), "Insubordination Collage" (Nulitz '59), as well as "High Heels in Heaven", "Madame Adams" (Bagnall Press '55-56) and many others.

The illustrations are taken from the magnificent album "A Collection of Bondage Comics" edited by Giovanni Gargano, Via Ardengo Saffi 1, Firenze, Italy. The album is on sale at specialist bookshops, as well as at the boutique *Librairie*, 80 Quai du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles (Price: Bfr. 1'50).





## RUDOLPH von KELLER: the gay inspiration

It was very difficult for us to choose illustrations to present Rudolph von Keller to you not only because of the quality of his work but above all because of the wide variety of subjects touched on by this artist. Even though his work is undoubtedly gay, he is as happy dealing with subdom, leather, rubber, piercing, military uniforms and all sorts of hard attitudes. The way in which he slips imperceptibly from real-life to surrealism is meant to please us. Von Keller left his German ancestral home in the 60s to study art in England. He later discovered all of Europe as an independent designer, on the



RUDOLF VON KELLER

PO BOX 69  
LONDON E5 8TD  
ENGLAND

way developing a "feeling for local traditions" before returning to the family jeweller's shop to exercise his personal style there. His homoerotic work was sold under the counter until the day an exhibition made him known to a broader public. Publications, mostly posters, soon followed. Rudolph von Keller is now expanding his production to post cards, calendars, portfolios, special limited editions etc. He mostly works in Amsterdam where nobody censors or restricts his creativity. A true European, he seeks his inspiration in London, Amsterdam and on the banks of his native Rhine.



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LEATHER





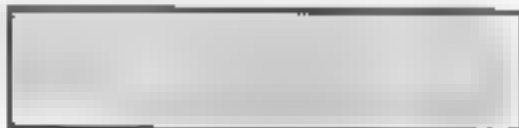
© John McEwen



© John McEwen

### NORTHBOUND LEATHER

You haven't heard of them yet? Surprising but not impossible because the company is based in Canada, more precisely in Ontario. It has just brought out two superb indeed magnificent catalogues which are trying to dislodge Ken West's catalogue. The two catalogues offer you two ranges of articles: leather and latex. The first one shows clothes for going out in such as trousers, blouses, sweaters, bustiers and almost heavy models for men. The other catalogue offers you the leather range rather than lingerie, comprising suspender belts, brass briefs, plus their bondage range and some other indecipherable accessories: masks, head and body harnesses, plugs, men's and women's shorts, handcuffs, slave collars as well as even manacles, collars and chastity belts! The quality of the leather is exceptional and once again it is exclusively the Baker Boutique MONTREAL which will be offering you the whole collection. Those of you who were present at our party on 23 May have already discovered the collection. The rest of you can still obtain the catalogue during your next visit to your favourite boutique or order it without delay. Price per catalogue: BE 500/FF 100. Don't miss it on any account!





# BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Since publication of our number 6 (French edition), we have been inundated by a flood of new magazines come to join this "new movement" bearing the famous initials SM. Whilst reading it we were in turn pleasantly surprised, shocked or even outraged. Here is our small "press review" which is not limited to specialist publications but deals with everything that we have been able to discover from far and wide having to do with the "fetishist universe".

## MAGAZINES

**CLUB DEFI** No. 7: "general public" magazine primarily dedicated to "burn" but they do it well. In it you can also find a good report on the "Bail Bizarre" (illustrated with very good photos) and some interesting news. 160 pages!! On sale at Belgian and French newspapers (BF 292/FF 40). **ESPACE DEFI** No. 2: Same stable, same spot: it's about burns, genitals, vulgar what. So much the better for those who like it! The good point: their "talker" section isn't bad but it's certainly not reason enough to order it from your bookshop. (On sale everywhere BF 292/FF 40).

**MADAME IN A WORLD OF FANTASY**: The English always manage to surprise us: "The erotic is female domination? No question of finding photos or drawings of women in submissive positions here! Drawings, texts, stories and readers' letters make up most of the magazine. Black and white throughout. In English, this magazine is on sale at MASSAD in Dutch sex shops or direct from the publishers: SWISH Publications Ltd, 47 Great Guildford Street, London SE1 DES, England. (Price £7).

**THE CHAT**: Volume 1 No. 7. Reaching us direct from Canada, here's a new discovery. The Chat, named after the editor Darvick Chatwin: short stories, madcap letters, a very good "paper" on transvestism, personal ads and an article about Victorian consens from "Bizarre Design" make up the bulk of the magazine. The Canadians are a bit more subtle than some American magazines and we thought that the layout was meticulous. Bravo! CHAT TERLY'S Box 28 Station A, Mississauga Ontario, L5A 2Z7 Canada. Price \$10.

**FESSEEMAGAZINE** No. 18. We have already spoken mentioned this group whose main interest is CP. With the bare hand with riding crop with a stick or with a bamboo cane: no matter! The aim to inform you about the books to read, reviews, fiction etc. Unfortunately the very poor quality of the photocopying has resulted in a loss of detail on the photos sent in by readers. If you want to support them you can always write to them, mentioning Secret Magazine. C. L. F. B. 7 27 49530 - France. Don't forget to include an IRC. Thanks.

**GUM** No. 121. It's been around for more than twenty years and is clearly going strong. Coloured cover written in German. You'll find fiction, readers' letters and some great photos of people totally enclosed in rubber. (GUM means rubber in German). Very interesting! K. K. Verlag, Postfach 1242, W-7540 Neuenburg, Germany (price DM 21).

**DRESSING FOR PLEASURE GALA MAGAZINE**: Second issue. An "ode" to their once-a-year party. Here you are told how the GPF went, who was there, who was exhibiting, the stars who attended, the winning costumes, the quite exceptional characters. In short the Dressing for Pleasure ball on 46 illustrated pages. We appreciate it, but it really needs a great deal of work on the photos and layout. A bit of research please. Constance Enterprises, P. O. Box 43079, Upper Merionide, NJ 07041, USA. (price \$8).

**REPAPTEE INTERNATIONAL** No. 10: Marine Rose is a heterosexual transvestite who has dedicated her life to T.V.s and everything to do with them. So she edits a quarterly magazine Repaptee Int'l. Full of advice letters, organising theme evenings, practical information from the transvestite world, an interview with the astonishing Miss Tuppy Owens, a very good article "How to change yourself into a woman" etc. In English. ROSE'S P. O. Box 130, Sharnfield, S1 3SX, England. Price £5.

**DEMONIA** No. 15: "Careful, this number is dangerous!" That's the title of the latest offering by our French colleague Demonia. Entirely in full colour, it's dazzling! And it plays the visual expression card for all its worth. The layout is a full-blooded attack on everything that is happening in the erotic and lesbian press at present. This magazine is well on the way to becoming the "Vogue" of the lesbian press. It is still erotic (living up to its name) but the public will be delighted to learn that it is no longer vulgar. What are you waiting for? It's on sale at all Belgian and French newspapers. (Price BF 255/FF 35).

**MASSAD** No. 130: As usual, the contents of this magazine are serious, clear and honest. Stories, readers' letters and personal ads make up the bulk. It's also a mine of helpful information. If you have a command of Dutch, subscribe to it! Price: Hfl 50 or Hfl 3.25 an issue. Massad, Postbus 306, 3003 AB Rotterdam, Netherlands.

**SCERFSTOK**: They've had problems and these poor 24 pages are a mere shadow of what this once magnificent fetishist and SM magazine was. But let's not be negative - call on you to give them a helping hand so as to bring back "the good old days". Their agenda is still impressive enough and their organizing of information and group meetings is an example to Europe. (Price: Hfl 4.50). VSSM, Postbus 3570, 1001 A, Amsterdam, Netherlands.

**SCHLAGZEILEN** No. 11: Good excellent constantly making progress inspiring a perfect example - could use all of these terms to describe this magazine. See the interview and accompanying photos elsewhere in your inhouse magazine - they're well worth the trouble! Postbox 306 35, 2000 Harburg 36, Germany. Price 17DM.

**DOMINATION DIRECTORY INTERNATIONAL**: Are you looking for a dominatrix, a slave, a club to unwind in when you're on holiday abroad? The "directory" gives you the addresses and telephone numbers of dominatrices, well documented with photos and their specialties. From now on you will be able to find your Masters' latest new sensation: the editor has announced a "directory" specially for Europe. We grant the guide with addresses and of course you can write now to reserve your copy. (Price \$10). STRICTLY SPEAKING PUB Co. Box 8005, Palm Springs, CA 92263, USA.

**EROTIC PASSION** No. 8 by Creative Art Collection. Madame, the proprietress of Creative Art Collection, has more than one string to her bow. Producing a deluxe magazine devoted entirely to perching male as well as female is only one of her activities. The explicit photos in the full-colour magazine show you the collection which Creative Art can make for you in solid gold. Very interesting. Price: BF 700.



**OF FASHION FETISH & FANTASIES No. 15** The latest number of this famous fetishist magazine is no longer a surprise. The photos are, as usual, fantastic: it's impossible to print better in colour at present, but we have a vague feeling that the magazine is becoming 'a going concern'. No longer anything innovative, "special". Could it be that this famous German machine has already proved everything? Article on TERMINATOR, three large show pictures by KAPO and EICHELER, a nice story but a glaring lack of information. Pity! A must just the same! On sale in fetishist boutiques and good bookshops. Price: BF 700FF 120.

**COMICS ERMA JAGUAR No. 3** by ALEX VARENE. The latest album of the adventures of the by now well-known Erma Jaguar. Sensual, capricious, perverse, she will seduce you. Alex's black and white line drawings, the imagination and the script make this latest number a little masterpiece. On sale in good bookshops. (Price: FF 69).

**CASINO 2** by LEONE FROLLO. This illustrator well-known for his magnificent pencil strokes, is also a specialist in erotic comics. Voluptuous girls "La dernière vergée de Paris" (The last virgin in Paris) in CASINO 2 brings alive for us the atmosphere of everyday life in a brothel: the distinctive characters of the clients, the specialties of the girls. Nothing still here but very pleasant to read. Editions Magic Strip. On sale in all good bookshops. Price: FF 65.

**L'ENLEVEMENT DE JIJIKO YAMAZAKI** by Romain Stocombe. This abduction is the pretext for a debauchery of drawings showing young, Asiatic women bound, hard and fast, gagged, tortured. A veritable catalogue of bondage worthy of the greatest masters. It is with real pleasure that this young illustrator delivers his first plates of bizarre comics to us. Not to be missed on any account. On sale at the Scarabe. d'Or. Price: FF 60.

UMA VOCE CRISTIANA

Strange pleasures passing you by?  
Then get into  
**HEADPRESS**  
magazine.

YES I UNDERSTAND THAT HEADPRESS  
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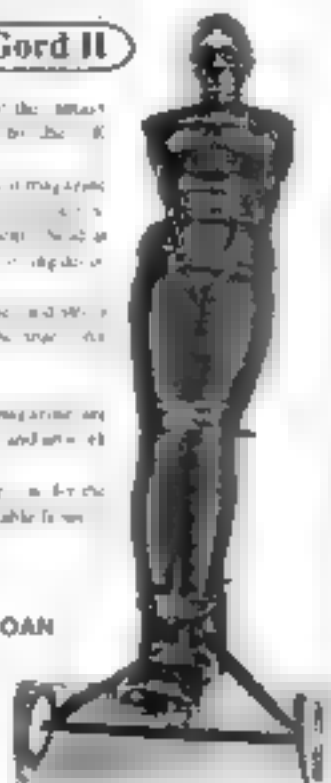
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# SCHLAGZEILEN:

## exclusive interview

*Schlagzeilen is to German-speaking Europe what Secret Magazine is to French-speaking Europe, (and now English-speaking...?) Not necessarily the latest SM magazine with the largest circulation (that honour goes to "Démonta" in France and "O" in Germany and SKIN TWO in the world...), but a quality publication, in black and white, putting the accent as much on thinking as on the look and experiences, and put together by a team that is really into the subject.*

*"Schlagzeilen" is a play on words which translates as "headlines" (as in a newspaper) and "welts" (the marks left on the skin by a whip). The interview was conducted in a mixture of English and German with three-fifths of the founding group: Messrs Heico Linka and Jan P. Scheu and Mrs Gell. The interview is illustrated with original photos taken from their magazine.*

recorded by Vincent Milne

**SM:** Schlagzeilen is subtitled "Central organ of the Hamburg SM syndicate" (the play on words is intentional). Do you represent several organizations in the guise of a syndicate?

**Jan:** The syndicate was created six years ago based on a group that wanted to break out of its isolation and get people thinking. It grew very quickly and split into several groups, one of which created the magazine three and a half years ago.

**Gell:** Now there are four groups which are in touch with each other but the magazine must be considered as one of the branches and certainly not as the voice of all the groups.

**Jan:** The syndicate isn't an official organization, it's a sort of umbrella for several groups with differing orientations. In fact nobody can claim to be the syndicate. There are similar groups in Berlin, Essen, Dortmund, Hannover, Frankfurt and Marburg each with its role also in Düsseldorf, Karlsruhe, Kiel, Mannheim-Heidelberg, Cologne, Munich, Münster and Saarbrücken. They all have handy contacts but there's no pure leadership.

**SM:** Have you got any plans to unify them? Jan: Allow for creating an open coordination without imposing an ideology or a common policy.

**Gell:** The groups are gatherings of people active in the field of SM in certain regions. Don't expect groups by subject, specializing in bondage etc. They are simply people who feel good together.

**SM:** Have you got any spokespeople who deal with the media and politicians, like VSSM in Holland?

**Gell:** We've got plans in that direction. We're organizing an SM congress which will enable all the regional groups to meet every other month at the party in Mönche. The intention is above all to see to it that SMers can go from one town to another and know where to go, to put ads in the press publicizing the existence of local groups etc.. The congress is called Smiff (acronym from the German for "Sodomasechiem und publicity"). It describes itself as "the SM syndicate's working group against the discrimination of the sadomasochistic culture". It will be co-ordinated by Tom Föhner, a non-staff contributor to Schlagzeilen.

**Jan:** Smiff will be responsible for contacts with the political world, in particular in regard of a law on violence which could be used against any voluntary practitioners of SM, article 184. Contacts already exist, the law hasn't been changed yet but the situation is positive. According to this law you can be punished for possession of a publication like Schlagzeilen or Secret.

**Gell:** More serious within the meaning of the law you are guilty of possession of this sort of publication even if you have received on the subject of SM from your lover!

**Jan:** We're in full agreement. The law is old but the government hasn't used it against us. Some years back they started to apply it more systematically if it isn't changed we foresee the situation **IMMINENTLY**.

**SM:** What sorts of problems have you got with the law?

**Gell:** Ten weeks ago the police seized 130 SM books and magazines in a shop in Kassel. We made a lot of publicity, to get him financial help. Another time the police were present at a birthday party to check if there were minors under the age of 18 present. We also had a case where a member of the staff who was present complained to the police because he couldn't bear what was happening there, he thought he was at a terrorist party (laughter). The police told him not to worry!

**SM:** How is SM presented in the German media?

**Jan:** Things are changing for the better but the approach remains voyeuristic. The press and TV are showing an interest in talking about SM. We have been involved in several articles and broadcasts without problems.

**SM:** In Belgium SM is termed just as strictly as pedophilia and zoophilia...

**Jan:** It's exactly the same thing here! All this is detailed in article 184. But the intention in Germany is to change the law so that it only suppresses pedophilia.

Gef: SmÖH has done some work. on 7 december 91 we organized a conference attended by a member of the Green Party who brought the discussion to the attention of the government.

SM: Do you see any difference between the S&M scene in Germany and in the rest of Europe? Germany and German-speaking Switzerland have got a harder reputation.

Gef: The SM scene in Switzerland is indeed very special and rather hard, but that's mainly the professionals.

SM: What strikes me here is the naturiness with which you practise S&M. Open-mindedness, no photographers...

Gef: You've seen that Schlagzeilen doesn't fill its pages with reports about S&M parties like Karistik, Secret, Demonia, "O" and Sien Two all do. They live as a function of the parties, and thus from their photos. We don't mention the parties, except as information. The parties in Berlin, for example, are more fetishist and perhaps more visual, and if photos of them are published in the magazine "O" it's got a lot to do with public relations.

Jan: We want our guests to feel at ease.

Heco: The photos of 'parties' all look the same.

SM: Don't you think that the boom in parties throughout Europe is an indication of S&M breaking through towards the general public?

Gef: At these parties lots of people look SM, for example by being chained, but lots of them don't practise it. There's an awful lot of show. If you try to do anything or to get things going, nothing happens. Here in Molotov you can be sure of one thing: the people come for the action!

SM: So you're confirming to me that your scene is harder.

Jan: I don't know if the action really is harder. The parties at Molotov are special, admission is very reasonable. It's not big business, there's not a lot of publicity. We could easily organize a party for a thousand or fifteen hundred people but on the one hand that wouldn't be possible every other month and on the other hand we want above all to bring together people who want to do their own thing. We're not interested in a spectacle.

SM: Is there a difference between the scenes in Hamburg and the rest of Germany?

Jan: Yes. Munich is very different. Lots of show. The scene there is twenty years older. You don't find many young people there. Not much friendship either. A lady from Munich was telling me yesterday that there is more friendly communication among people here in Hamburg. Berlin is very stressful, whereas lots of show, although a bit less commercial than Munich. Admission to the parties is more reasonable. Lots of people come from Berlin or Munich to the parties in Molotov.

SM: Which are the other S&M or fetishist cities?

Jan: The scene is very new in Germany, only just a few years old. Munich and Berlin are the most developed, Hamburg came to life three years ago. They're the three most important towns really. Everywhere else the S&M scene has been budding for three months, or even a year, and everything is developing at a dizzying speed.

SM: How does S&M look in the ex-East Germany?

Jan: It already existed, well hidden! Now it's developing with the rest.

SM: I have the impression that we were born at a good time.

Gef: Or three, four centuries too late! (laughter)

SM: Seriously, what's the philosophy of Schlagzeilen?

Jan: We started small, among friends, and we didn't have the faintest idea of the direction we would take. We soon realized that we had our uses. The scene hadn't been waiting for us so I could wait but it certainly was waiting for a platform which we were able to offer it. The main development since then had been in the quality. Better stories, better photos. No different photos. A bit less action, a bit more thought, even with the pictures more associations of original ideas, more aesthetic. We refuse to sell in sex shops. We still place ourselves the luxury of going to look for our readers ourselves and put the dialogue with the reader first. We choose a subject for each issue, for example childhood and the roots of sadomasochism, psychology and S&M freedom being a lesbian and a masochist at the same time, S&M and politics.

SM: Why does Schlagzeilen present itself as a Hamburg magazine?

Jan: For sentimental reasons, essentially. We started off in Hamburg but now we circulate ourselves in the whole of Germany and in the rest of Europe as well.

Gef: The first issue was photocopied, 150 copies.

Jan: The subjects are of interest to everybody and regional news is very rare.

Heco: We don't come across like a pornographic magazine. Our articles also cover society and politics, so our reader is curious to know what S&M is, what's happening to us. He has to think, it's not a sexual question. If that were the case we'd be making money!

Jan: At present we have a circulation of 2,000 copies. The majority sold in Hamburg and Berlin. We get bigger with every issue and should reach 5,000 copies. We bring out three or four numbers a year.

SM: Which are the other German magazines?

Gef: "O" for sure, it's very big but limited to fetishism. Then there's Caprice in Stuttgart, rather S&M-leather porn, edited by a shop which also has a club for swingers. The stories are very badly written. There are also several very bad "things" more sex than anything else.

Jan: Schlagzeilen is the only magazine of its sort in Germany, the only one which contributes a bit of thinking and above all the only one to really write for a scene.. "O" and Caprice are not competitors in our eyes, our readers are very different.

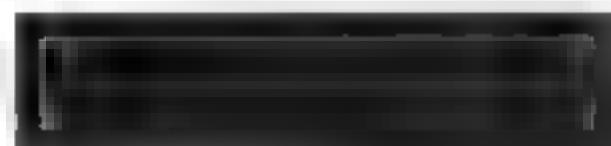
SM: Which are your favourite international magazines?

Gef: Secret II we could understand it! Sadomas, from Switzerland, isn't bad. My favourites for fetishism are S&M Two and "O".

SM: Anything else you want to say to our English-speaking readers?

Gef: Read Schlagzeilen!

SCHLAGZEILEN is intending to commence publication of an English-language edition in 1997.







# HAMBURG

# LIVES!

Not long ago the Reeperbahn near the port in Hamburg was probably one of Europe's noisiest red light districts. Today it resembles a badly preserved museum. It may diminish the excitement and the hard light searching for holes in pavement into the subterranean of the sex offered to the tourists attracted by a past glory. The streets are decorated with graffiti and littered with the results of humanity. In one of the establishments a couple is sitting, difficult to see the male, leaning back to the left, blind of his legs, blind of his competitors and not get. Somewhere else someone is playing with the joystick of an electronic game, a pair of men with his own what's in front of another screen, that of the peep show. You could make a film here, set in a gloomy district of New York, if the sign in German were left out of the picture.

Nevertheless it is here that the nucleus of Hamburg's very strange SM scene is to be found. Within a radius of 3 miles can be found almost all the good addresses and the majority of the protagonists of a new activity whose influence is spreading throughout Germany by the efforts of the magazine "Secret Night". You can do over this periodical in the other cities which are interested in it. We did it with the purpose of pictures taken from that of it.

Apart from the magazine itself one of the principal activities of Schlagzeilen is organizing a party called "Les Fleurs du Mal". It is held in a disco, the "Mickeloy" every other month, more precisely the first Friday in January, March and so on. We went there of course. It's not exactly a fetishist party even if lots of people are undressed in a particularly exciting way. It is above all a meeting of two or three hundred people who have made SM their everyday lives and who meet in a familiar place. There's dancing (a little), there's talking (lots) and there's action (plenty). Equipment in every corner: there are cages, chains, a sling, a cross, a rotating platform (so you can turn several slaves at the same time) and video screens. All those objects come from individuals who have emptied their "surgeons" or even their lounges (really) for this night. Obviously everyone brings his or her own "little" bits and pieces. We saw a wide variety of whips and crops. Anything goes, except cameras, which creates a relaxed atmosphere which is much appreciated. Some of remaining incognito, Hamburg's SM scene is one of the most relaxed publicly that there is. Contacts are easier than at the Berlin parties and active participation is especially spontaneous. It's enough to get on well with the person you're talking to and some one's locked up here or being whipped there. The vast majority of actions take place on the big, open dance floor where everybody stands unabashedly to take part and where we had the opportunity of seeing some records for violence, for number of whip lashes and for domination but above all for good spirits, for enthusiasm and even for humour. We were told that the quality of the parties is relatively uneven but the organizers did tell me that their latest formula, which consists of placing the equipment throughout the hall and a small show to encourage volunteers at the start, will be repeated in future. So, good news.

There's no lack of private parties over the weekend, after the official party and it's enough to make you lose your mind trying to take part in everything which we did without hesitation. But that, as they say in the French SM magazine Demonia, we won't talk about. It's a tale.

The "Les Fleurs du Mal" party having a clear heterosexual orientation we had to go somewhere else to find the gay meetings, to wit to the premises of GLSM (Gruppe Leder SadoMasochismus). This is a very hard group which those of a nervous disposition should avoid at all costs, except for the discussion evenings. The first contact was surprising, we found ourselves at a quiet street facing two or three shop windows behind which the steel shutters, all identical, were

down. Each window is empty, except for the programme for the next months, hanging in a small frame like the opening times of a mutual benefit society. Except that here the opening times are listed opposite "SM discussion" "session" "bastinado" "incognito" "FF" (once and for all for video leaks, it means let fucking and not let inward), "texas" and a specially I had never even heard of "beer bust" and belly". Please note, GLSM meets every week. You can enter through any of the shop's doors because you come out into the same immense, gloomy warehouse, fully equipped with cages and pulleys. There is also a bar and a room you can sleep in. Sleep stairs lead to a maze of little cells done out as prisons, torture chambers or FF rooms (each with a sling for the one being let fucked to lie in if he doesn't want to stand for it). It's pretty claustrophobic and smells of oil and sweat. The most original anecdote is the one that on "Sightings" the slaves use the right-hand door to come in and the prisoners the left-hand one. A huge stock of bamboo canes is waiting for them in the hallway.

We searched in vain for any sign of specifically lesbian activity. There's a specialist magazine "Leather News" having listed at the end of 1990. Being short of time we didn't bother with sex shops, addresses for commercial domination, not swinger clubs, even though one of them was trendy enough to offer an SM room.

On the other hand we did get the first issue of "SM Depesche", Smol's info sheet (see our interview with Schlagzeilen) and "SM & Recht" two new organizations, one a social and political lobby group the other a national co-ordination group. Compiling them must have been a Herculean task for the editors Martin Schneider (Hamburg) and Tom Rohrer and Sylvia Thome (Neumünster). Their publication has details of various SM groups up and down the country, of the activities of SM & Recht, of the financial help for Schwarze Galerie (the Kassel bookshop which is facing huge legal costs following the seizure of its stock), of the creation of SM Archiv (designed to become the reference library on the subject) and of European parties. "Secret Night" was on the list. SM Depesche will appear monthly from July 1992. SM & Recht, founded this year, is an association of SM lawyers intended to help and protect the whole German scene. Their first task has kept them busy for months, compiling all the laws and verdicts relating to the subject. As EC jurisprudence influences the neighbouring countries, too they are interested in contacts with lawyers abroad. Please note.

All the German addresses are listed together elsewhere in your Secret Magazine.

Vincent Mikou

# HAMBURG SELLS!

*The sadomasochistic tourists (recognizable in winter by the end of the whip sticking out of their coats or thigh boots and in summer by the bruises that their T-shirts cannot hide, will be happy to know where to turn to on their in Hamburg.*

## LEATHER

Don't hesitate to head for PULS DRUGSTORE, where Mr. Puls, a sort of grocer-artisan-care-taker of the S/M room, will welcome you in French if you want! He'll make anything you ask him to in leather and his 'drugstore' presents a considerable range. The code word to elicit a deluge of goods from him: "Secret Magazine"! Mail order sales, too: his catalogue has a diagram for filling in your measurements. Very reasonable prices. The BOUTIQUE DE SADE has such an enormous selection that you will find it under the heading 'general'. MR. CHAPS LEATHERWORKS is a small manufacturer of relatively gay clothing a long way from all the other addresses. Good quality but very small selection. EASY RIDER, no connection with the S/M scene, offers a good choice of leather clothing, fashionable as well as bike-inspired. Their shop on the Reeperbahn has the largest selection. THE LEATHER CAGE has second-hand 30s and 50s leather blouses for enthusiasts. REVOLT SHOP (see below) has some S/M accessories in stock.

## THIGH BOOTS AND HIGH HEELS

Three shops within a few minutes of each other. MESSMER is the best-known, BLICKER also has some very nice stuff and EASY RIDER is kindly following the movement. Check all three before making up your mind.

## METAL

S/M TOY is a very interesting contact because manufacturers of metal equipment are few and far between. Gustav Schultz benefits from his professional experience to make all sorts of restraining equipment after hours. Cages, iron masks, bars, heavy manacles, everything is possible. All the equipment we saw was impeccable and imaginative. One piece of advice: just the same, get it chrome-plated if you have any doubts about damp where you want to put what you order. Gustav hasn't got any stock, he makes everything to order. He doesn't travel abroad and the equipment must be collected at his place. Write in German or English only.

## LATEX

PETER LAMPE is one of the pioneers of latex clothing, dating back to when the little lady adored wearing pyjamas or nightdresses in this noble material. This family business, which makes and sells its own designs, hasn't moved with the times. Creativity and finish leave a lot to be desired in comparison to DeMask. Peter Lampe's customers are mostly regulars from the north of the country who don't travel and so have nothing to compare it with. Insiders rummage among the small latex gloves, accessories etc. See BOUTIQUE DE SADE below in particular.

## BOOKS, VIDEOS & MAGAZINES

Apart from the sex shops, the last load of sex, the only two quality bookshops, 'with a difference' are essentially gay. Both have an enormous selection and will be of interest to anyone with a bit of imagination in their sex lives, whatever their tendencies. Warm reception at both addresses. MÄNNERSCHWARZ only deals in printed matter: books, magazines, post cards, posters... A wide variety of subjects and the shop is not limited to German: we found plenty of publications in English, Dutch and French. The accent is on literature. REVOLT SHOP, what a marvelous name, puts more emphasis on the visual and books of photos are side by side with specialist literature. We liked the corner reserved for publications about tattooing, lots and lots of purely gay videos, also a bit of S/M stuff and leather accessories. A word in passing: PETER LAMPE, the latex manufacturer, has a large selection of catalogues and magazines devoted to the material. See under BOUTIQUE DE SADE as well.

## PIERCING

REVOLT SHOP also prides itself on being the biggest piercing specialist in the north of the country and indeed does sell a large selection of body jewelry and has edited a small, intelligent catalogue detailing all the options. A doctor does the piercing and inserting. The ENDLESS PAIN tattoo studio is also active in the

## TATTOOING

As in every port, there are countless tattooists in Hamburg. Very subjectively we give you an address which has numerous links with our world, starting with the amusing name of the studio, ENDLESS PAIN, which deals in piercing and also sells S/M and bondage T-shirts.

## SEX SHOPS

Of course there are a huge number of sex shops in Hamburg, some of them specializing in gay. The only one that seemed to be on a wavelength with our interests is BOUTIQUE BIZARRE on the Reeperbahn. Up to you to go and have a look.



## GENERAL

The BOUTIQUE DE SODE has just reopened its door under new management. In several rooms it offers a very interesting and extensive range of articles in leather and rubber, magazines, books, velvet for every taste, all sorts of things for filling out your personal lingerie, furniture, electrical appliances, cinema equipment, hunting and fishing accessories, dolls, etc. The prices may seem high but don't let that put you off popping in to have a look round. At the end of the day de Sode can turn their heads and see the names of the protesters.

Want to get more?

Following the successful international O-ring Afterlife in E. 7th St.,  
"Sutton" spent the night in the city's most famous hotel, the  
"Crown".

Al hat 13 Neutronen, 13 Protonen und 13 Elektronen. Die Masse ist 27 u.

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*U. M. L. H. O. S. A. T. H. E. R. J. P. e. K. T. 34. 1984*

Peter, a 31-year-old male, was referred to the clinic by his primary care physician for a follow-up of his chronic low back pain. He reported that the pain had been present for several years and was exacerbated by prolonged sitting and standing. He had tried various treatments, including physical therapy and pain medications, but with limited success. He was currently on a low-dose opioid regimen for pain management. His medical history was significant for hypertension and type 2 diabetes. He was a non-smoker and drank alcohol occasionally. He was married and had two children. He was currently unemployed and had been so for several months due to his condition. He was seeking a comprehensive evaluation and management plan for his chronic pain.

The entire Page Miss Queue Area is 2000 Mbytes in size and is divided into sub-queues, one for each of the 16 processors. The sub-queue for each processor is 125 Mbytes in size.

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 Associate Editor: J. A. C. G.

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# FUNNY SKIN

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## KARIN WIT

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Despite the conventional presentation and too many overhead shots (one serves the catwalk report, a strikingly ultra-sensual interlude)

The ingredients and the recipe: PHILIP DANA, DEDRICK KIKI, MATHIAS and NATALIA are superb models (brassy blonde, redheaded, chestnut or black, plump or slim, sexy and sweet). dress them up, add the spectacular simplicity of AEFN and 'N' as the KARIN WIT label and you make it all into a mini fashion show! Result: a dream on a trip for fetishists (regales the eyes, imagination running wild) and above all the desire to touch 'her' you' to offer it to buy sexual stuff Mrs Karin Wit.

Hold tight and enjoy yourselves even. Whether it be in the company of Dobby in a skin-tight red catsuit or set with shining black high boots, or Dana sophisticated in a black over two-piece, mounted in very pretty high-heeled mules or kiki, the red-head sporting a fabulous min. it wears. Monique in a long black vinyl coat concealing shoes in the same material and a quilted jacket in black and white stripes, or Diederik in very chic, slim and hot, or if Natalia, ultra-min. - naive and black, topped off with a bummer jacket, fringed, studded or used. (LIPED)

Sixteen minutes of fabulous fashion (the end with a little taste of a bit too much: 'so much the better' I do not wish to see - nor to see with - that 'naughty

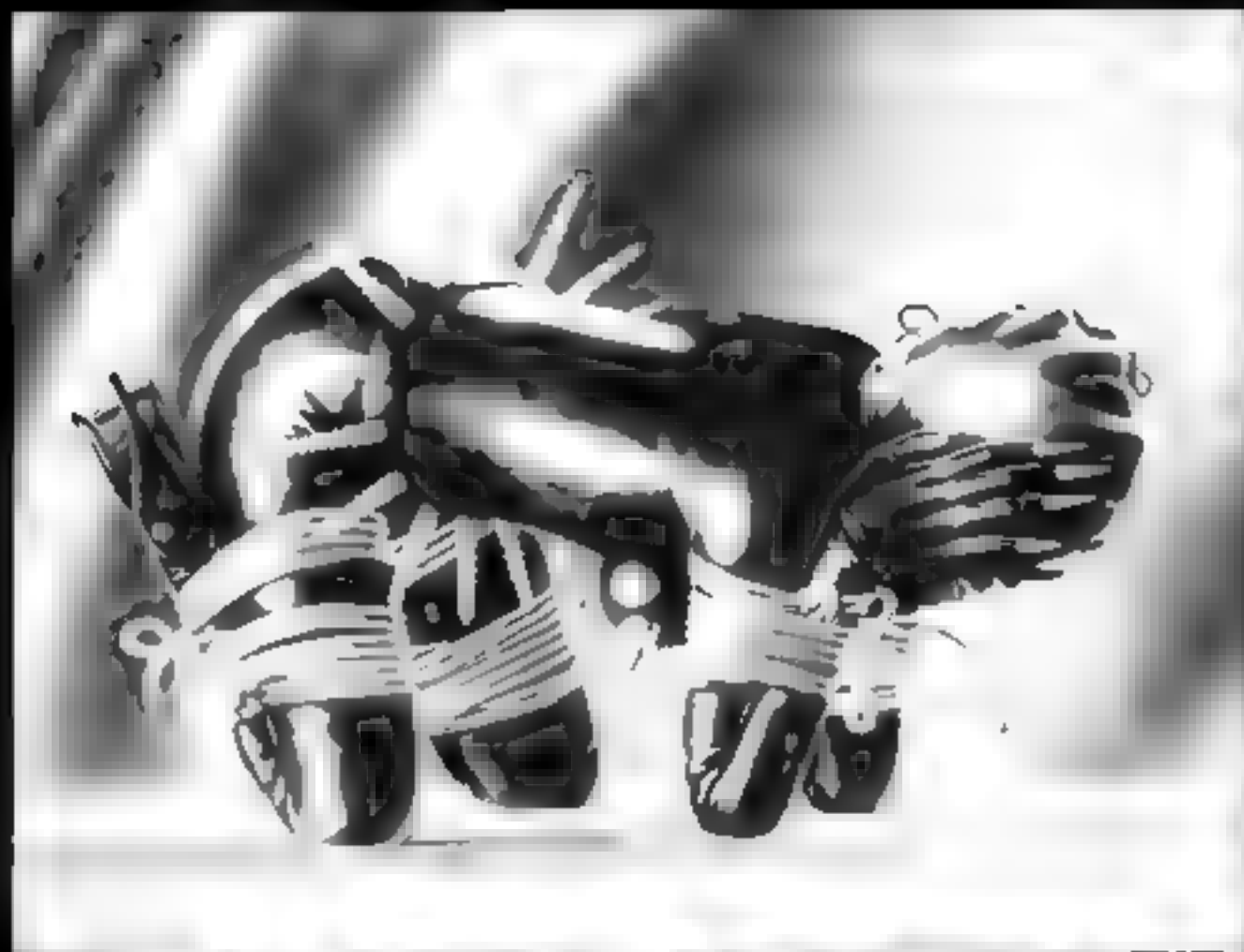
adored' gave 19 out of 10)

[Blacksky]



Eddie Ballin 1913

T R E V D R  
B R O W N



I L L U S T R A T I O N



## READERS' LETTERS

On top of our requests for subscriptions and for readers letters concerning our latest party we received 'hold light' a certain number of SM questionnaires sent back to us direct by super enthusiastic subscribers. On the back of one of these documents was the following text from, it must be pointed out, someone who claims to be of the male sex:

### RELIEVING ONESELF ON THE SLAVES

My most secret dream is to be a female slave who experiences the following scene. The story begins one Friday evening in the courtyard of a feudal chateau where three crosses have been put up and fixed to the inner wall which is overlooked by a tunnel. I am tied up in the middle with two other slaves. The guests arrive one after the other and are welcomed by my Mistress and my Masters. The latter suggest to the guests that they go and relieve themselves on the slaves from the tunnel. As soon as all the guests have arrived my Master unites us and leads us into the dressing room. There we put on our maids uniforms. The guests have taken their seats at the large table placed parallel to the stage. Our role is to serve the guests. Little by little as time passes all three of us have been under the table to lick and suck the guests who so desire. At one point my Mistress claps her hands to signal the start of the SM part to the revelers. In turn we are tortured together separately, we are subjected to the worst

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Brused, exhausted and dripping with wine we still faced the most difficult test of all making all our guests come. We are hung from the ceiling tied to benches or spreadeagled horizontally on the walls. The Mistressess wraps themselves on my sex while my mouth and my anus are penetrated by the sexes of the Masters. One after the other they arrive at the ultimate moment when they all discharge in my face. I cannot even speak, so great is the quantity. My eyelids are stuck together. If you want to know more about the abridged part, do not hesitate to write to me.

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### MY MASTER IS MY ONLY TRUTH

A submissive woman, a dominant man. This is a millennial scheme that is neither original nor subversive. But my lover and I have reinterpreted this sort of relationship in our own way. Yes, I am my Master's slave (even though I am a student of philosophy and literature at university, briefly). I've chosen to belong to my Master and so I have no other decisions to take. He decides for me and obey. When we are together, symbolically, hand him my watch, my ID and my credit cards. I am no longer anything but the property of my lover. He does what he wants with me. For example, he insists that in his presence I always wear a very restraining Victorian corset which he laces up as tight as he wants, and even tighter for our erotic games. He wants me to wear extremely sexy outfits when go out with him. His favourite is a black vinyl lights, a short oil-skin blouson (also black) and high, lace-up patent leather boots in the same colour. He exhibits me, dressed like this, everywhere in the town centre, in the department stores or the sex shops. He's mad about me, about the envy and admiration which not just my clothes but also my body excite, just as he is proud of his cars, a coupe and a saloon. On the streets in broad daylight my latched alone always provokes a terrible impact. My Master is a Spano Ranger and (he's finishing tech college) he looks like a manager leaving out a call-girl. In his private shore indoors, on his maid's white stockings, takes my white apron. My Master adores real maracas bought at an armourer's. I serve him perched on impossibly high heels, my ankles encased in leg-irons linked by a short chain. Take very small steps which excites him tremendously. He does not resist, he pulls me over a black leather pouffe, then pushed up to my hips and takes the crop to my exposed cheeks, sometimes he leaves me in this position for a long time, sometimes he brutally buggers me. We have a brass bed, black satin sheets, the bed's perma vacuum forms of bondage. My Master has tied a copper ring high up on the wall for tying my hands to and whipping me standing. My Master often punishes me because he has to train me. But not always in the bedroom. One evening we were in the car when he suddenly stopped in a road

He tied my wrists with his tie, he whipped me leaning over the bonnet tied with his belt then with a green branch which marked me like the whip. Then he ordered me to suck him on my knees in the mud of a forest path. My lover prefers torture and anal pleasures because he's the only one to take his pleasure there. I am nothing but an object, more than ever. My happiness is ensuring that of my Master. I have no other desire than to satisfy his ones. I'm at the mercy of a self above mine. I no longer have to act but to submit. I am relieved of the burden of thinking. Asking questions that have no answer is my job as a philosopher. But beyond any uncertainty, my Master is my only truth.

Mercedes

### DEAR OH DEAR

Dear you, have you received your subscription reminder? What can I say? That I am confused. Absolutely. I, you won't believe me, forgot! That's why I'm sending you a subscription renewal form today and, conscious of my fault, mercifully, I ask you to be so kind as to reduce the punishment deserved humbly. On my knees. Your loyal servant. And incidentally, I tore up the order form. Dear oh dear.

Dear reader, your punishment is to follow the January's Wheelman round every Sunday and at every house where the door is slammed in their faces, you will ring and suggest a subscription to Secret Magazine. Statistically there's a chance it might work. At worst you'll get the door slammed in your face as well, which would serve you right.

### A RUBBER ENTHUSIAST

First of all congratulations on your magazine which is very successful though I've only read two issues, bought at Giller in Lurgan. I would like to tell you about my genuine experiences, which continue to live out very happily and intensely.

My name is John, I am 49 years old and was widowed 3 years ago. Was living alone, with no affectionate relationship with a man as I wanted to find a man who makes me flourish because deep down inside me have a taste for masochism which I didn't dare express because of my very prudish, Catholic upbringing (boarding school etc) and also because of my husband was hoping that his age (20 years older than me) would make him more depraved and would make him satisfy my secret desires but he was very well-off materially but I miss the satisfaction of being submissive, of living a

certain humiliation, but I especially like rubber and for it to be worn by the one who will be my lover. As for me, I have put together a rubber wardrobe: a maid's outfit, four pairs of long black and tan lacquered stockings, a long brown suit under which I wear nothing which is very exciting, feeling the rubber on my butt and legs. But when I put these clothes on I am alone at home at least until 2 months ago when I finally wore the package in the shape of my underwear through good-looking neighbour, a young girl, 17 years old, 5 foot tall and very beautiful. Although we know him for a long time we only got started a short while ago. It was when he was doing a small job at my place, suggested having a drink, which he accepted with great pleasure because I told him that he, too, wanted one and whilst serving him I let drop the glass, which broke on the floor and then I was shaken by his reaction. He was a real like in the thing, smashed glass, spilled wine and laughed very confidently. But to be spanked by his big, strong hands, that accidented me terribly. I was as red as a beetroot. After he left I decided that we would be lovers and that he would be my master, even though I was very intimidated as at 46 years of age it was the first time that I thought I had found a place to fit my taste. The next day I decided to invite him over to my place for the evening. I decided to be provocative, dressed very sexy: black leather skirt, black stockings held up by suspenders of course and for shoes I put on black knee-length leather boots (very tall leather thigh-highs). He was going to be able to admire me because I was so tall that he could see up my legs over the tops of my stockings. I desired him, wanted him, had the feeling that he would know a bit about training women like me. It wasn't at that time ago that I discovered sodomy and the rest. The next day came and seemed terribly long to me. At last the evening came and when he came to ring at my door I was on tenterhooks. When I opened the door I saw his look, a bit surprised but very interested. He watched me very attentively, his eyes followed me every move round the house. I sat down facing him, legs crossed, a position that let him admire the tops of my legs. I positioned myself so that he got an eyeful of what I was offering him. We were talking about this and that and above all about our liking for certain materials, such as leather, rubber etc. Then we danced a slow dance and I felt his penis get bigger. It seemed rather long and thick to me but I can't imagine what he's going to do to me with such a wonder. He needs to explain that we started long and hard. He pulls me and I feel his hands climbing up the length of my legs and they were above the tops of my stockings. I was when he but things won't go any further this evening. We went to sleep, each of us in our beds. That is to say him at his

place and me at my place. Sleep very well because the excitement but when I wake up I can't help thinking about him and above all about the size of his penis standing straight in his trousers. I can tell feel I against my back. That same afternoon Friday we decide to go shopping together. I dress the same way as the day before. Shopping over he invited me over to his place for dinner with something simple. Asked him to drop me off at my place for time to change my underwear. I put quite a large underwear but on the street gave up to my breasts but kept my stained black stockings and my leather boots on. I am sure that something is going to happen this evening and I am ready for anything and almost because when I think about what he's got between his legs that's a different matter. We got dinner ready together. He wasn't sure that it was where there is supposed to be. After the meal we ate everything away, drink a small cup of coffee and start to talk. I tell him about my tastes because he is an only son and we got to. He suggests that I go and get a wax suit and afterwards he'll show me what he's got. Luckily I see him then and in ten minutes had changed my skirt for his leather jacket, got back, he has put a different pair of suspenders on, or rather a pair of thigh-highs, leather trousers that bring to his skin. When he sees me he is staggered he can't get over it. He sits down on his bed and I put my black knicker underwear that he did have to do covered but which without doubt he won't be long in doing. We have a drink and finally ask him to show me what he's got. We go upstairs, he going in front of him, a few steps ahead of him so that he can get an eyeful. Entering an almost empty bedroom there's only a big metal cupboard with a sort of gynological chair. He opens the cupboard for me and in it I discover several pairs of rubber gloves, some very long, more than six, and some red vinyl gloves as well as two pairs of boots with two inch heels. On one of the shelves in the cupboard I see all the stuff for anal sex: like a big bulb, a big vibrator, some candles, some candles, some rubber tubing. In a corner of the cupboard hanging on a nail was a white coat, latex of course. I am not very intimidated. There's a big difference between fantasy and reality. Although I'm long my wife all my heart for her to be his girl. I'm worried about what's going to happen to me. Him, he's got time, he knows he was taking me slow in my own place. He goes to the downstairs and we talk. That's the rhythm, chose to knock over a glass, and that's what started it all off. He looks at me very severely and tells me that he is going to punish me in a way I won't forget but that the punishment could wait, so he made love to me. At last I was able to see his sex, 8 inches long, 2 inches thick and 7 inches round. I was quite impressed, above all when he put it in my

mouth. I thought I was going to choke but when he started to lick me, I was marvel-lous, he uses his big tongue in a sublime way and then he penetrates me, goes deep. I come very powerfully and at the same time he floods my body with his boiling hot spunk, ruddy and salted. I put my knickers back on and smooth my slut down. He doesn't punish me that evening, but says that the punishment will take place the next day. Saturday afternoon he takes me back to my place. Saturday morning as soon as I wake up at seven o'clock I phone him and tell him that I'm longing to see him. At eight o'clock I'm at his place and my master love again of course. We got a good very good and feel great afterwards. After a bit of a rest, he takes me out to a restaurant, dressed very sexy. I have the feeling that everyone is staring at me. After strolling around town we come back. The punishment follows soon afterwards. Back at his place he makes me put on my rubber clothes, stockings, suit, bra and suspender belt. Then he's got his leather trousers and a tight fitting cullottes. When it's ready he sends me to look for a pair of long thigh boots. As he says and bring him his long back. They're held up by a strap to his belt. From a drawer he takes a pair of red gloves, not long ones. It's then that he tells me that he's going to give me a spanking. He pulls me towards him, puts his over his knee and starts to give me slaps on my cheeks, which by the way are very pretty. He told me that unfortunately for me after a dozen slaps I can't keep in a fart. So he stops and decides that a nice nip upstairs will do the good as it's impossible to let what you're being spanked. He's only just begun to beg before going up he took two small bottles of water in the bedroom he made me take off my skirt and made me crouch on his great table which is covered with a rubber sheet. He gives a very long pair of gloves, the white coat and a large stainless steel bowl and goes past me into the bathroom to put some warm water in it. He places the bowl in front of me and I take some soap into it. Whilst the soap is melting he pulls on the first gloves which come up to his shoulders, like there, on my knees, kneeling, ask myself what's happening to me. In front of me, he takes a tube of vasoline and coats two of his fingers (the index and middle fingers, of course) then he goes round behind me and with his left hand he spreads my cheeks and I feel his fingers, the index finger first, which is trying to force its way into my anus. The index finger goes in and then the other one. That hurts a bit. As I am quite tight here he pushes his fingers to and fro two or three times. Then he takes them out and washes his hands. His fingers are full of spit. Then he takes the toilet paper, the corners of the bottle of water at a temperature of 30 to 40 with lots of soap. Then he

fills the minute with a two-part bear mug. He pushes the tube into my little hole, opens the tap and moves the tube slowly backwards and forwards. Then he takes a syringe. At the end of it there is a 30 cm probe. He pushes it in and presses the plunger. The warm liquid runs into my body. It's difficult for me to take and say that still have two syringes to take. Hearing stops him. Having finished the injection he pushes his finger in again because I am to keep the enema for more than five minutes. It's painful, he makes me get down and takes me to the bathroom. Still with his finger in my backside. He takes me to the toilet like this. It's hard. I was very difficult to walk but I'm glad of the relief that I feel when it all comes out. I feel well again but only for a moment because I am laid on the table again. This time on my back. He makes me undergo another enema. Of four parts which he does very slowly, evidently with lots of pleasure. When I am back at the toilet again he says he is going to bugger me. I doubt that I can resist such an assault in view of his long thick member. It excites him of course the more so he makes me suck it so that I appreciate his thick thing which is going to torture my anus. We go down into the living-room. He takes his coat off but keeps his gloves on. With a tube of vaseline in his hand he looks very strict in his rubber boots. He makes me get on my knees in an armchair. He puts some vaseline up my arse with his finger, puts some on his penis too, then he holds me tight by the haunches and he starts to push harder and harder. For a moment I thought I was going to pass out, such was my pain. But then the gland is passed, he pushes another inch or so. It hurts. I moan. It's no good, he keeps going. He slips it in one up to the hilt, in, out. A little while later he withdraws, takes a small whip out of a drawer and inflicts a classic punishment on me. I cry. It hurts a lot. He makes me lie on my back on the floor and once again he rapes my arse. Like this, with a cushion under my bum, penetration is deeper up to his balls and then he's fucking, and that takes a while. He explodes and then too at the same time. He needs to go into details about how we were both sweating and very tired because I have to be more specific about how a well-upturned woman feels relaxed and is fully capable of doing something stupid again, above all because I owe the bad treatment that Henri makes me put up with. Now I can't wear knickers any more. It's forbidden on pain of severe punishment. I can wear underwear, rubber for preference, nylon stockings for going out, but rubber at home, above all for sodomy and enemas.

A rubber enthusiast

P.S. This afternoon I am going to put up with being assaulted again with the one which I remember the whip and the enema. It will of course be done by a master's hand. See him, he's pulling on his big boots which tug his legs so lightly and once again I am going to endure the enemas, painful because of the quantity of water and soap and if I lose any of it I am threatened twice as hard afterwards. At the end of a session my backside is on fire and despite that I want to go on for a long time even if it means getting hold of an innocent slave for him from time to time which keeps running through my mind. I've got a bit of an idea about that.

## THE EXPERIENCES OF A TRANSVESTITE BOUND AND GAGGED

My name is Eric, I'm 26 years old, I love cross-dressing and playing bondage games. I have still not met my female alter ego. But it is true to say that I do not look a lot because I do not know if women like this. Not at all. I shall tell you one of my stories in brief and assure you that it is true. Being transvestite and bondage as I do for getting my pleasure at the start of autumn is a season particularly like because of the wind in my dream which connects my skin. I thought about giving myself a little treat. Having located a sleep, daytime stops in the house, decided to play a little solitary game. One evening I got dressed as a woman from top to toe. A light brass slinky top, suspenders, bra and silk knickers. I put a backstall on over the top and set off for the appointed place. I parked my car not far away and walked the rest of the way. I had taken a bath-towel, a bag of rope and some sticking plaster. When I arrived at the spot I could not see very well because it was already almost dark in the evening and I was pouring down, but this was ideal for what I wanted to do. It was pleasantly warm despite the very strong wind that was blowing. I took my backstall off and straight away felt the excitement mounting in me but my penis was still not at its maximum. Then I put a wide strip of sticking plaster on my mouth and tied my arms together using a procedure which I cannot remember at this well. My hands bound tight, headstall for the day through which a little stream of muddy water meandered. My heart was hammering it so hard and my penis enclosed in the silk knickers was throbbing in time with my heart. I let myself fall a bit, was more and more excited. I have seldom if ever had an erection like this one. Having arrived at the bottom of the cliff I removed it a bit. Then still excited on the verge of coming, started to climb back up and that was even better because bound and gagged I was as if someone was trying to stop me getting back

up. My chest clung to my skin, my knickers stuck deeper and deeper between my cheeks. My heart was beating even faster. I was rising even harder. I lost a shoe and I could barely move forward but kept on trying to climb up the craggy cliff. Fear began to take its toll which was even better.

I realized that I couldn't untie myself when I slipped and fell down again in the ditch. ejaculated in a terrible orgasm. I stayed lying there, still without moving for a long time. I fell so good in the mud. I had been told that mud-baths were brilliant but this was the height of pleasure. Exhausted, I pulled myself together and tried to remove my bonds, which I managed to do. I gathered my strength and my belongings, lost in the hand-to-hand fighting with the earth and the elements. I was I got away with a good cold but what an experience among the few that I have had and which I am allowed to tell you about some other time. Good for you and brave again for your magazine.

Eric (Rhode St Genesie, Belgium)



# THE SHAMELESSNESS OF ANITA PERGOLA

## Act one: the beginning

The flat is waiting to be furnished. The high, white walls are still breathing the new paint. A six foot mirror almost as tall as the windows, is fixed to the marble chimneybreast. Fluorescent lamps on the walls and on some heavily arranged crates light up the rooms with various synthetic colours. High-tech furniture would not be out of place in these surroundings.

The carpet with the angular pattern is walked on by numerous shoes coming and going, martyred by stiletto heels, attacked by the soles whose fall the grey of the carpet hides. Drops of cocktail chicken this new carpet, whilst the revelers delight in the obligatory snafu, ask required of a house-warming party like this evening's, marked by the ill-assortedness of the guests. Among all the conversations that of Anita Pergola and Dominique Sénéchal was noticeable for its privacy. The two long-standing friends had met face to face again by chance after having lost sight of one another. They discover with satisfaction that their old complicity has remained intact and are talking about their present lives. Dominique has achieved a certain blossoming with a woman ten years older than herself whom she had met shortly after she and Anita had broken up whilst Anita had got married three years ago.

"You see" she says to her confidante, "I imagined that a relationship with a man would be much more exciting than the married life as I presently know it. My husband is tender and kind but that isn't enough to satisfy me. More and more often I find myself dreaming of bizarre and dishonourable things: of being taken against my will by several men, or being tied up, things like that."

"Living out one's fantasies and enacting them are two very different things. Would you be able to do it if you had the chance?"

"I don't think so, no. I'm scared of leaving my husband and rushing into something, just to fall into the arms of the males I would project my dreams onto and who would bring me nothing. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Risking losing someone you love and in the end not finding the life that you imagine. You ought rather to learn to love what your husband can give you as far as that is possible."

"Yes, I suppose nothing would give me greater pleasure. Only I'm afraid it isn't enough just to snap my fingers to change my personality."

"Have you talked to him about your fantasies at all? Perhaps he would be happy to explore them with you?"

"Certainly not, he's not the type. You know, when we've got visitors he puts my Secret Magazine away in a cupboard. So as far as sharing my fantasies is concerned, nothing doing."

Her husband Louis' hand on her shoulder made Anita change the subject to something more evocative. She introduced her old friend Dominique, whom he couldn't remember having heard Anita mention. They exchanged addresses and parted with a kiss.

## Act two: the invitation

Intrigued by the handwriting which is difficult to decipher Anita Pergola tears the envelope open. The text is laconic:

Be in the middle of Place de la Monnaie square next Wednesday at 9 p.m. A friend who wishes to see you taller.

The note was accompanied by a suggestive drawing by Leonor Fer which started her dreaming. Rereading the card, she realizes that it must be from someone who knows her well. It can't be a mere coincidence that the date has been made for two hours after her husband's departure for a colloquium abroad. The perspectives which the invitation opens up scare Anita, who decides not to take it up. She nevertheless slips the envelope into her bag.

## Act three: the decision

In the train slowly leaving the Gare du Midi station, smiling, Louis waves. He still has the taste of his wife's lipstick on his mouth. She gives a last wave, then takes a taxi back to Uccle. She asks the driver who doesn't stop eyeing her up in the rear-view mirror:

"Tell me if a total stranger invited you to live out something that you think is out of the ordinary, what would you do?"

The man hesitates hard and stares at her with eyes as big saucers without daring to turn round. The vehicle crosses several districts before the awkward silence is broken.

"Turn round, please. I've changed my mind. Now we're going to Place de la Monnaie."

"Very well, madame."

At the end of the conversation.

Across from the theatre at la Monnaie, Anita is exposed to the cold wind gusting between the buildings. The turned-up collar protects the lower part of her cheeks. The cold makes her eyes water and despite the mixture of fear and excitement she had felt in the car. She isn't expecting to be approached by a kid.

"Are you Anita Pergola?"

She stares at him incredulous. "Who are you?"

"My master sent me to fetch you."

"Who is your master?"

"He told me you'd know soon enough."

And, betraying the carefree curiosity of childhood: "You really don't know?"

"No."

"He told me that you would be suspicious."

"What do you expect of me?"

"Follow me."

The lad moves off, quickly joined by Anita. He slips his hand into hers and moves through the streets, his pride showing in his haughty step and on his smiling face.

## Act five: the torment

They stop at the entrance to an old Brussels alley. The walls of the buildings are dark and black. Only smoke escapes from the basement windows. The dustbins stink. Anita instinctively recoils. The boy takes a silk scarf out of his jacket pocket:

"I must blindfold you."

She bends down to have half her face covered by the blindfold.

"Promise me that you won't take it off, neither going nor coming back."

"O.K."

"Good."

He makes her go forward several paces and, holding her by the arm, turns her round a few times. Then he guides her along a number of passages, makes her go up and down a few flights of stairs, holding her when she slips. Without warning her, the lad pushes the woman in the belly and shoves her back against a wall. Chains clink. He fastens her making sure that she cannot undo the chains herself. Her arms are stretched out and up. Satisfied, he removes the scarf and lays a sturdy chain firmly across the woman's waist, pinning her to the wall, creating her coat and silk, crushing her. The prisoner grows her top lip fighting against the binding brought on by an unforeseen desire.

Her shoes are replaced by leather cuffs linked by ropes to two rings in the opposite corners of the room. The little pecker tightens the ropes one after the other, fastening them to the rings. The victim gives a little squeal when her other leg is stretched in a horizontal position because all her weight is now hanging from the fastenings at her waist and wrists. A metal gag, similar to a horse's bit, is put in her mouth, then fastened and pulled tight at the back of her neck. You must admit that the poor woman now finds herself in a very uncomfortable position. As all her attention is concentrated on the pain invading the extremities of her limbs and on this terrible bit of iron which, though it doesn't stop her making a noise does stop her closing her mouth. Anita has not noticed that the boy has left the room.

She sees herself in a series of mirrors opposite and can't help but be excited by the sight of her own captive body. How would she like to discover a woman in this position and all her mercy in the same way

that she herself is on offer to an unknown torturer? The room is equipped with various implements: pulleys, a torture rack, a wooden cross and lots of other things. She doesn't really know what they are used for. She pictures herself being forced to submit in turn to each of the tortures which the room imposes on her imagination. She also thinks of Louis, her husband, who instead of teasing play on her, would be disgusted just hearing her describe her present situation.

Just as she is beginning to hope that whoever's toy she is to be would suddenly appear, the mirror in the middle pivots to reveal a sturdy naked man wearing a black leather mask. His sex, tied at the root with thongs, is upright, insolent. The man appearing almost taking up Anita's mental invitation, provokes a sexual shock in her. She feels great pride whose source she does not try to explain. Great fear too, when the enormous blade of the tick-knife snaps into place. The man cuts away that part of the clothes which had been covering the woman's bust and goes off her bra, then frees the tops of her thighs and her sex the same way. The old clothes hang like rags. The unknown man slides his hand between the spread legs of the woman who has become an object, woman-decoration hanging on the wall, and without emotion discovers the maze with which his fingers can enter the wet opening. He introduces his penis without difficulty and, with a powerful thrust, plunges it right in. Anita, grimacing, moans loudly. The man, not touching her other wife, describes his movements and Anita Pergola, lost between the pleasure and the nightmare, discovers other men entering the room via the mirrors. Barely aware of the presence of the new arrivals, she looks at her, despite the little rubber hood, the ejaculation of the man, who does not utter a single sound and shows no sign of emotion. He withdraws immediately and leaves the room.

The woman slave has no time to ask herself any questions, nor the chance to wallow in her frustration as a second man takes the first one's place and comes immediately. He is replaced by the next-in-line who drives his victim towards a pitch of arousal, cut short just as lasciviously as the one before.

And so the round of besiegers continues, males waking in line, black masks faced right, sexes upright, each one quietly taking his turn, moaning, groaning and groans from their joint victim. The slow dance of collective rape seems to have no end. Anita Pergola, weakened by these vigorous and never-ending visitations, bathed in sweat, barely able to keep her head up and her eyes open, is nearing exhaustion. The queue of men is still long, seems endless. Anita can't stand it any longer. Her poor little vagina is beginning to tire and hurt. The last vestiges of pleasure melt like snow in the sun, though the thrusts remain imprecise. The woman begins to beg:

"Please... it's enough."

No luck. Another one and yet another. Her arms are stiff with cramp, her sex is sore, her spirit heavy.

"That'll do! Enough! I can't take any more."

Her words are distorted by the metal gag. The horde of torturers continues its work unruffled. The woman's body heeds and heeds to no avail in an attempt to escape the suffering. Her nerves no longer convey anything but pain and her breathing is ragged. Her voice is becoming hoarse. Her sex is nothing but an enormous, irritated hole. Darkness.

## Act six: the awakening

The young boy on whose lap Anita's head is resting strokes her hair. She does not open her eyes immediately and becomes aware that she is lying on the floor wrapped in a warm blanket. Her body radiates so much suffering that she is unable to localize any particular ill, apart from the spinning in her head. Getting up, the boy guides her through the mirror towards a shower-room where he washes her and spruces her up. He points out to her the fresh clothes that have come from her own list and lets her get dressed again by herself. The lad watches her closely whilst she puts her lipstick on.

"Who do you like best?" she asks him.

He shrugges his shoulders. She stares at him. He shrugges his shoulders, lifting his hands, and smiles. When she is quite ready, the boy takes her by the hand again and leads her through other rooms and along other corridors. She covers half the distance blindfold. They emerge into a different street.

"It's still dark?" Anita is surprised.

"It's dark again, her little companion corrects her.

He shoves her into a white limousine, giving her orders "not to talk to the chauffeur".

Act seven: the return

"You're very quiet, Louis says.

"I'm glad you're back," she replies, snuggling up to him on the back seat of the taxi, and adds "It's when you're not here that I realize how much you mean to me."

The man freed from three days of intense meetings scarcely recognizes his wife in the days that follow: stable, even pleasant and smiling to himself all day as well as smiling in bed. He discovers in her a tenderness that he did not know. In the following weeks, Anita, nearly cursing whoever had given her such a shock, begins to thank whoever it was in her mind. She is no longer actually looking for anything other than the easy intimacy she has with her husband.

## Epilogue

With the passing months, Anita Pergola, although having been more deeply traumatized than she thought, gradually comes to terms with the appeal her experience has for her. Her fondness for her husband is now spiced with a zeal for cruelty and her sex life becomes more and more violent. Louis, who did not understand how without vice coming into their private life was until it was too late, now finds himself worn out, his back black and blue following a long whipping session. Huddled, his head on his wife's bosom, he confesses amidst tears that her friend Dominique had from their first meeting, convinced him to let her organize the event. She had assured him that after it Anita would be more in love with him than ever before.

Dear Dominique

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Copyright by Secret Magazine. Nothing may be reproduced by any means whatsoever without written permission of the publisher. That means me! The next issue is scheduled for June & all goes well. Enjoy! This magazine is a translation of our french edition. Some of the news is a little outdated, but that will change in the future. Thanks to all the people who helped me and special thanks & love to my wife, Catherine, for keeping up with me and supporting me during those "bad moments". Subscriptions: 2000BF/£40/80US\$ for 4 issues. Payment by credit card (Visa, Access, Mastercard, American Express, Diners Club) or cash. No cheques, please!

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# DIRECT FROM THE DUNGEON OF MISTRESS ROXANNE

This is the first edition of a new section that we hope will become a regular feature in which Mistress Roxanne tells us about her everyday experiences.

My guests arrived, five in number, a dominant couple, Odile and Frederic, a female slave Aniel, in the company of her Master Marc and a male slave, Bernard. We had chosen to meet at my place because of the SM equipment I have at my disposal. Odile is a novice dominatrix. The two Masters, Frederic and Marc, on the other hand, are veterans in the art of SM. Never before has Aniel known submission other than at the hands of her husband, with whom she has had a few soft sessions. She is offering herself to us for the first time. As for Bernard, he has been coming to me regularly for three years and in this time I have progressively trained him to endure hard SM. The slaves present themselves to us, in my great hall, stark naked on their knees, eyes downcast. Question Aniel: "How long have you been Master Marc's slave?"

"Six months, Mistress."

"Have you been submitted to bondage?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Flagellation?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Clamps?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Socks?"

"No, Mistress."

"We have agreed with Master Marc that we shall not exceed your limit this evening. Nothing will be done to you which is beyond your strength. In return, we demand that you endure everything without flinching. Have you understood?"

"Yes, Mistress. I shall try to be up to the worthy."

We attached Aniel to my Saint Andrew's cross where we left her suspended, her feet six inches off the ground, exposed to the caresses and touches of anyone who wanted man or woman what we intended to Bernard's treatment. The male slave bound himself first with leather cuffs on his wrists which we fastened to chains hanging from the ceiling so that his arms were pulled up over his head. We chose the whip that we were going to use. I knew how to choose a very elaborate flagellation with Bernard so we were able to choose the hardest instruments. Odile grabbed a small whip with knes, biting thongs, Marc and Frederic chose plated leather whips. For my part, I preferred a long crop with a swell at the tip. We flogged the slave in turns, progressively intensifying the strength of the lashes. We did not spare him. His back, buttocks and thighs were covered with long, reddish weals. He writhed in his chains under the blows, clenching his teeth. He did not complain and only loud groans could be heard. All through the flogging his penis lost none of its erection. Bernard belongs to that rare category - true masochists - for whom extreme pain is sexually stimulating. I knew that he was already very excited. So whilst the two Masters were releasing him I said to him:

"You withstood the first ordeal bravely. I am going to give you a reward for your effort."

With these words I slipped a set of leather briefs on him that had a hole in the front to put the penis and testicles through whilst a bull plug was fitted at the back. He gave a sigh of contentment when

inserted the plug into his anus. We then fastened him to my bondage frame, lying wrists and ankles tight. We had agreed that I would then torture the slave with needles. The others felt it to me as I was the only one with experience of this practice. I pinched the slave's nipples between two fingers and pierced both of them using a fine needle like the ones nurses use to give injections. I had to get rid of his erection for the next part of the operation so I rubbed his penis with ice until I became faced. Then I pulled the skin of the penis and pierced it successively with four needles on the underside of the shaft. Finally I sewed up his foreskin with surgical thread. As a result of me handling him the slave was regaining his erection little by little but his foreskin, now sewn up, forced his penis to stay "indoors". Wanting to reward Bernard for the courage with which he had endured all our cruelties, we ordered him to kneel down in front of the Saint Andrew's cross where Aniel was still tied, thighs apart. "Now lick her pussy!" I ordered him.

He did the job for a long while, drawing small moans of pleasure from the female slave. Bernard too, seemed to be enjoying the task he had been assigned. We encouraged him vigorously with a few hilly lashes of the whip to his buttocks. Once we thought that it was enough of that we attached the male slave again, arms stretched to chains hanging from the ceiling. That done, we wrapped his whole body in cellophane, so keeping him lightly "tied" with this new type of "sausage-skin". We only left him an opening for his mouth and nose so that he could breathe. I knew that Bernard was going to delight in the contact with this plasticated material whilst we turned our attention to Aniel. Odile had already gone over to her and was caressing her all over, brushing against her thighs, her belly, her pubes. We joined him. Soon hands were feeling the slave all over. After having explored all the nooks and crannies of her body, we put clamps on her nipples. I showed Odile how to apply the vibrator to the tip of her breast, right up against the clamps, to increase their "bite". Aniel let herself go completely, abandoning herself to our cruelties without resistance. We took her down from the cross and led her into my other torture chamber. There we made her lie on the floor in the middle of the room, and fastened her wrists and ankles to pulleys with which we suspended her three feet off the floor, her limbs pulled apart by the tension of the ropes. I blindfolded her whilst hands were already advertising into all parts of her body. Being a novice slave, there was no question of torturing Aniel as hard as we had done with Bernard. So we chose small soft leather whips, intended to warm her skin gently. We whipped her on the buttocks and the inner thighs, alternating lashes and strokes there where the skin, reddened by the whip, had become more sensitive. Odile and I spread her legs, utilizing her clitoris, inserting our fingers into her vagina. We excited her with vibrators. She was moaning softly, parting, her breathing was irregular.

"Don't come!" Odile forbade her.

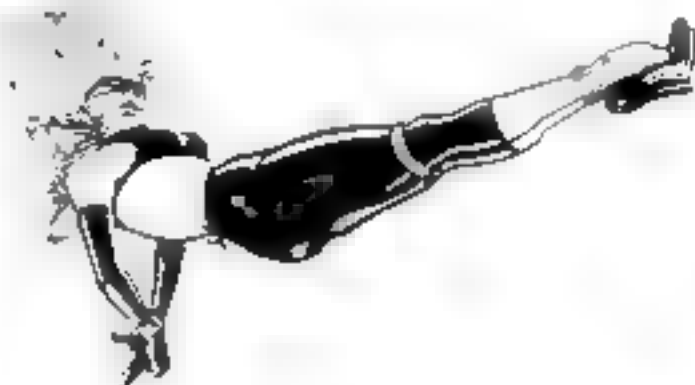
We let the two Masters in their turn busy themselves with her pussy whilst I dripped candle-wax on her belly and breasts. The hot wax made her jump and squeal, torn between pain and pleasure.

And her anus... I ex-claimed: "We have to have a go at that too!"

At these words Odile inserted a liberally greased finger into Anie's hole, soon replaced by a long, thin vibrator. Fell all over buggered for the first time, she was writhing with pleasure. Her legs spread wide apart by the pulleys, she offered herself to Marc and Fredenc, who took it in turns to make love to her whilst she licked Odile's and my breasts. After having used her in this way, we undid her and took her back to my great hall where we ordered her to get up on the bondage table on all fours. Here I explored her intimate parts, opening them up with a speculum. In this position - like that of a sacrificial offering - we could all examine her and so, with the aid of a small lamp, observe the interior of her vagina through the gap in the speculum. We enjoyed a glass of champagne whilst the slave offered us the spectacle of her most secret flesh. When we decided to free Anie from the speculum, I was to tie her down across the pommel horse. Thus immobilized, her buttocks in the air, her rump was exposed to the torture of our whips. Odile wanted a crop to hit her with, I gave her one - with a big enough up to leave no marks on her skin. She prescribed her twenty strokes, and began beating her with all her strength. At the tenth, the slave begged for mercy in a voice close to tears - realizing that we had reached her limit and that I would have been unwise to go beyond it. So I signalled Odile to hit less hard whilst armed with vibrators plunging Anie into a particularly troubled state where suffering is mingled with sensual pleasure.

You can come now - her Master Marc told her when the slave was on the point of shouting out her pleasure. She shook for a long time and, having succumbed to a violent orgasm, she collapsed exhausted from pleasure. We undid Anie and ordered her to kneel in front of Odile and me. Once again, she had to suck our tits, tonguing our nipples, grasping our boobs firmly in her hands. Odile was the first to take off her knickers and offer herself up, legs spread wide apart to the devocous sensations brought to her by Anie's expert tongue. In a trisban due the slave greedily licked her Mistress, avidly exploring her sex, drawing shudders of pleasure from her until Odile in her turn was shaken by spasms. And finally the slave came to me and presented herself, servile. I opened the front of my skirt to let her take my ass, already ached from the tantalizing spectacle of two women making love. All my guests knew full well that I am a transsexual. For all that, Anie was nevertheless taken aback for a moment, amazed by the ambiguous contrast of this penis planted on the body of a woman whose round breasts she had just been sucking. She smiled at me with a sparkle in her eyes when I ordered her to suck me and she began to lavish a blow job on me that was soon to put me in seventh heaven. When - let the orgasm ring in me, I withdrew from the slave's mouth and shot all over her back, which she presented submissively to me. We freed Bernard and the two slaves came to prostrate themselves in front of Odile and me, kissing their Mistresses' feet at our command. This was the sign that the session was coming to an end. We spent the rest of the evening chatting pleasantly whilst drinking champagne served by Marc and Fredenc.

Mariette Fioranno



**ITALY:** The artist Susi Goneri will be among the illustrators of the next publication from *Gleaming Images: "Marque de Sade. Illustrated Anthology"*. She, too, is a free-lance artist who will do you rather "special" fetishist bondage, porno or S/M drawings. SUSI GONERI C.P. 6024, 40138 Bologna, Italy. **NETHERLANDS:** The specialists from MASSAD offer you the latest in fetishist, bondage and S/M books, magazines and videos as a small photocopy catalog in which you can find such classical videos as "Bondage Broadcast" and "Domination Games" at HFL 99 (BF 800). For more information, write to the following address: MASSAD Postbus 3081, 3000 AB Rotterdam, Netherlands.

**EXPECTATIONS:** Let's cheerfully labour an obvious point: it takes all sorts to make the world! You don't need to be homosexual, however, to appreciate the products of this firm - based in London and Amsterdam - which has a very good reputation for quality in the gay fetishist world. Very beautiful creations in leather bikers jackets, trousers and shorts and a very interesting latex range, too. A visit to their boutique could prove interesting for anyone into the erotic universe as you can discover articles and accessories quite different from the "classical" boutique. So let's be "open-minded" let yourself be carried away by your desires. They might respond to your expectations! **EXPECTATIONS, 75 Great Eastern Street, London, England and Expectations, Warmondstraat 32, 1012 JE Amsterdam, Netherlands (tel. 020-245573).**

**"X" SCAMPRE COMICS:** Coming from the lands of ice and inspired by torrid fetishist dreams "X" is making its debut in the world of fetishist publications. Sincerely speaking, "X" isn't a magazine but rather a "combination" of ideas uniquely reassembled in the drawing. So you will be able to find in this astonishing first number like Betty Page, queen of the "Party of Death", a super porno 1940 "X" story: the extraordinary adventures of a transsexual and finally a story about a gay Jesus Christ. If you're into this sort of comic, send for more information. Remember it's not a "big firm" and their funds are limited, so enclose an IRC and mention SECRET magazine! "X" Edman, Kallela 16 A3 2, 90600 Oulu, Finland.



## SEX MACHINES

© François Lemaire



© François Lemaire



## SEX MACHINES BY XANAX

The era when technology unites robot with sex is near. An extraterrestrial? No not at all! An absolute, incredible Belgian invention! Xanax is a Belgian artist from Gent who has turned his fantasy of a machine programmed entirely for sex into reality. Moulded on a metallic structure, the two legs are of rubber! They are almost real, equipped with a vibrating artificial vagina. The machines are REALLY IT! The possibilities are huge: probably, a limited video screen for showing films or for watching oneself, the option of adding gas-masks, oxygen bottles, movements of the legs, hips or other mechanical parts such as the chrome arms. This is a world first: never before has such a perfect machine been constructed! The attention to detail, the finish and the mad ideas undoubtedly make these machines seven in all an event. There was a preview with four machines at the European party in Amsterdam. It was a great success. SKIFF TWO will probably put one of these sex machines on the cover of one of its next editions. All the machines were presented exclusively at the Secret party on 23 May. The machines were discovered by Cathy Bourque Minard's charming band, whom the artist has entrusted with selling his 'collection'. The artist himself still has to fix a price for the machines but the chrome model will come about Bf 300,000 and the other, about Bf 200,000. The machine the 'shaker' expensive but there are unique and you can live out your fantasies to order. It was going to say 'to measure' drops? Interested? Ring Jurgens at Boutique Minard (tel. + 32-2-2230914 between 1030 a.m. and 630 p.m.).

XANAX



**SKIN TWO COLLECTION 3** by MURRAY & VERN As we've mentioned before there is hardly competition among the professionals of hushum, with the beauty of each catalogue at stake. As you can see the English SKIN TWO's latest catalogue is sublime. Photographed entirely by PETER ASHWORTH (of The Face Magazine, the Eurythmics album...), it's a masterpiece. Against a plain background with objects d'art and resolutely modern furniture he puts letters in a context more fashion than sex. Platform shoes, bracelets, earrings, everything evokes the avant-garde. It's another way of getting like accepted and probably the best. In this latest collection you can admire catwalk for only BF 6,200, studded business superb dresses, men's shorts, "PERFECTOS", trousers, dresses in lycra trimmed with latex, bodies and a superb silvery dress for only BF 2,500. I ask myself how they do it. There's an index and an order form. It's stylish, nice and guide and I could go on like that but I ask myself where the quality-price ratio is. At £7 for 26 colour pages it isn't exactly cheap. But be like me and go wild even if you don't like latex. It's a jewel to collect. You can order it direct from SKIN TWO, 20 Grand Union Centre, Kensal Road, London W10 5BR, England or from the boutique MPAUT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium and from other good feminist boutiques or specialist bookshops. Price £7 or BF500.

**NETHERLANDS.** The DeMast boutique is getting too small! Due to the success of the creations of the now well-established Steve English they're seriously thinking of moving. The biggest problem will probably be finding a place that's not too expensive. Knowing the sort of prices they charge in Amsterdam, that won't be easy.

**ENGLAND:** Our little doll Tabby has just made her first video. Everybody remembers her from when she used to work at Camden Market and from her latest catalogue which we presented on several occasions. In our video section soon! For more information: Tabby, P.O. Box 516, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex SS0 8DD, England. Price £ 15.

**NETHERLANDS.** Ellen Schippers, designer and post-modern stylist, has just launched her latest collection. The marriage of not and later is a great success. There is still tremendous media interest in her inimitable suns - a distinctive feature that has turned her into a stylist with her own label. A new catalogue is on the way for more info write to ELLEN SCHIPPERS DESIGN, 1a Jan Steenstraat + 2 1072 NR Amsterdam, Netherlands.



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# OLIVIA De BERARDINIS

**MUSIC** The group U2 currently on world tour has changed its look. After the indian tails and the tycoon look they have changed direction completely. Vinyl trousers, like shiny plastic jackets and glove gloves are on the front cover. The fans are following suit and you? BAI'MAN II in the super production BAI'MAN II. Michelle Pfeiffer is wearing a superb latex outfit. Enough to pole-dance your

**FRANCE** Cliche Magazine is negotiating with the famous photographer THOMAS CLOVER about bringing out a book devoted entirely to him. Presentation in the next edition of SECRET.

**USA. EXTREME RIGHT?** Our friend Brenda Telebaum, editor of Edos Magazine in Boston has sent us a grave letter. She informed us that the United States are in the process of drifting to the right. Freedom of press, thought and expression are restricted and everything is controlled by the powerful machinery of state. She also informed us that the United States are on the point of exploding. This was just before the troubles in California.

**BELGIUM POPPERS-EXTASY?** An article in 'De Morgen' (Belgian newspaper) portrayed poppers as a substitute for Extasy, the drug which is all the rage. That is very disturbing because the two substances have nothing to do with each other. Other bad news is that we can 'die' from an overdose of poppers, but this is also true of chocolate, vitamin C and other 'substances'. Take care just the same because poppers are a mix of chemical products which can cause problems if used regularly and in large quantities.

OLIVIA De BERARDINIS Shame on you if you still don't know this artist of genius. On a par with Sorayama, Robert Rauschenberg etc. she'll blow your mind with her seductive, realistic and outrageous creatures. The drawing shown here is May on the 92 calendar produced as every year for Orone Productions. She is very well known by her drawings of Betty Page. \* you wish to obtain this gem write to: Q CARD CORP. P.O. BOX 1, ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576, USA. Price \$ 4.95.



© Olivia De Berardinis

# NYMPHO... UNSATISFIED

Dear Nympho. So it's not enough for you to be kissed by your lover who, I'm sure, gets bolder and bolder in order to satisfy you... You need two of them! But he's only got one of them. That will never do! No problem, I'll volunteer to help your boy-friend and offset the (as you say) advantage that you hold over the male of the species. Reinforced thus, it would be surprising if you didn't get something out of it, kissed, possessed and fucked from both sides at once, caressed all over, taken in every way, your mouth, your sex and the other suitably lubricated cunt, rasped, rammed and swept. In the interval you will even be able to handle the accessories which are so dear to you, to weigh their fruits in your hands and test their tenderness and stiffness.

BELZEBUB

# SEA, SEX and SM

You are often at a loss for where to go on holiday and you can even spend ridiculous amounts of money to be bored among snobbish and uninteresting people. If you still haven't made up your mind, this might interest you: a super club with swimming pool, exotic garden, satellite TV and a library of 200 SM videos! All meals included. You will be met at the airport and every day, guess what... a 2 hour SM session! The price for a single man is the same as for a couple as women don't pay! To my knowledge there is no other holiday which could get you back in condition like this formula! For more information: Anne and Edward Williams, Aptdo. 8, 29130 Alhaurin de la Torre, Malaga, Spain. Tel: 34 52 41 1 63 (Price: 75,000 pesetas/BF 24,000 FF 4000 a week) Don't forget to mention that it was SECRET magazine that sent you! Happy holiday!

**BELGIUM:** MSC Belgium, a gay leather SM club, organizes several parties a year and meets every first Friday of the month at "T", Platesteen 7, 1000 Brussels. Their parties are dress-code, which means you must dress in leather, latex, navy's clothes, Western... More information from the following address: MSC Belgium, B.P. 699, 1000 Bruxelles 1, Belgium.

**ENGLAND:** Skin Two's new video N°4 is beautiful. In the programme: a report on DeMask's fashions, an interview with Bob Carlos Clarke (see the latest Lu!), a meeting with the young designer Fleur Oakes, a discussion with the photographer Della Grace and a report on Randall Housk's exhibition in the Netherlands (running time: 60 minutes).

**USA:** BR Creations edits an interesting magazine on how to reduce the waist-line using Victorian corsets. Published in English, it explains the measures and possibilities, in short "directions for use". Send \$6 for a colour catalogue: B.R. CREATIONS, P.O. Box 4201, Mountain View, CA 94040, USA.





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